"UPPER CLASS"
XLVIB GREEK

Upper Class

Mrs. Rose Emerzian comes from Smyrna, Asia Minor. She was the youngest of the family. They were quite well off until her father died. Her eldest brother took care of the family for some time, but Alas! He fell ~~a~~ a victim to bronchitis. Her eldest sister was married then already. ~~And~~ Another sister of hers died at the age of seventeen after a long illness. Her sister was a very good girl, gentle in disposition and refined. So, Rose, after having a primary education had to leave school and learn a trade, so that she ~~may~~ might be able to help her mother.

Over there, there was no factory work for girls then. The girls could be teachers, dressmakers, nurses or maids. To be a maid was not considered ~~so~~ very respectable. Rose had a desire to become a dressmaker. There were a few dressmakers in town. Some young girls would go and assist them, in order to learn dressmaking. Downtown, in the stores, the merchants used to sell only yard goods. They wouldn't sell ready made dresses. So everybody had to sew for themselves, or, if they couldn't, they would either call a dressmaker into their homes or take the goods to a dressmaker to have their clothes made ~~order made~~. ~~So~~ Rose went to help a dressmaker in their neighborhood. She had special talent, so in about six months she knew enough to work ~~on her own account~~ for herself.

She was a slim girl, growing fast and everybody thought she was ~~bigger~~ older than she actually was.

The minister of their church had gone to Bourdour for his summer vacation. Bourdour is a small town, where the Smyrna Mission had a Church and a School for a small Congregation. The Minister, after he came back, told Rose' mother about a young man, named Avedis, who was the ~~son~~ of one of the members of the Church. He thought it would be a wise thing to make a match between the two. After he got the mother's consent, Rose was sent to Bourdour to get married. A strange place, away from her ~~folks~~ family.

Before we ~~relate about~~ tell of her life, let us give you an idea about the town and the customs of its people.

Bourdour and Sparta, a few miles apart from each other, are two twin small towns, surrounded by mountains and sand-dunes. Bourdour is situated several miles inland off the port of Adalia on the Coast of the Mediterranean Sea. It was through this part of the country that St. Paul ~~had~~ made his journey, visiting Ephesus. The Smyrna-Aidin-Railway which extends as far as Baladis, passes near the ancient ruins of Ephesus. You ~~could~~ can still see the ruins of the amphitheatre and other broken statues.

L. S. Hagopian

From the last station the passengers have to travel in horse-wagons to reach Bourdour.

Bourdour is a lovely place surrounded by fields, orchards, vineyards and Rose gardens. A brook passes through the center of the town. The houses are mostly simple frame buildings. Here there were Turks, Greeks and Armenians before the World War. Only a few hundred Armenian families lived there, who had migrated from Persia a long time ago. They spoke some dialect of slang Armenian that was hard for an outsider to understand. It was a mixture of Ancient Armenian, Persian and Turkish languages. They led a simple life. Some women made Oriental Rugs on looms at home. Almost every well-to-do family had a little home to live in, with a small vineyard or a rose garden. Some people got fish from Adalia and preserved them in salt for their own use. In May they gathered the roses, which have a sweet scent and distill the rose-oil, in the same way as they make whiskey. The merchants made a big profit on it, because it is very rare and expensive. They grow opium there too. The people use the hashhish

oil, which is obtained from hashish plants in their food.

There is a beautiful extensive lake on the East side of the town, on the banks of which there are many rose-gardens, orchards of peach and sour cherry trees. During the earthquake, which took place in 1913, many houses were ruined, and ~~quite~~ many people killed in the ruins. This was such a big lake that many acres of land were covered with water. The tunds of the trees were buried in the lake. It is said that the water contains arsenic in it. On some special holidays, the people used to go there for swimming. Once a woman got drowned in that lake.

The women go out on the street without any hats. But on a special holiday or on a wedding day they would display their old-fashioned garments and queer hats, which ~~were~~ had perhaps been lying on the bottom of their trunks for years.

When they go to Turkish baths, especially, when they have a bride-to-be among them, they hang on a line the fancy embroidered towels and garments of the bride ~~for a~~ to display them. They wear some wooden shoes, with fancy leather straps studded with ivory.

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They had a regular picnic there. They took with them salted fish, beans salad etc. That, of course, doesn't sound sanitary.

There was a small community of church members, Greeks and Armenians together, and the services were performed in the Turkish language because the Greeks could speak only the Turkish language. Costi Effendi, a very rich man, was the main support of the church. They had a big house, where his married sons and daughters lived together peacefully. He was a very hospitable man who entertained all the Missionary workers that visited the place.

Rose was very happy at first. She had a little boy named Georgie. But her mother-in-law, naturally being a quarrelsome person, began to find fault with her and tried to make her trouble all the time. All the neighbors were afraid of that woman. Her husband too, when he returned from the village, used to ill-treat her, believing his mother. He would get so angry that he would tear the curtains into pieces.

Even her father-in-law gave her trouble. He would make her wash his feet. Once he had kicked her with his rough shoes and hit her in the eye. The pastor of the place seeing her with a black eye wanted to find out the cause. He knew that she was innocent. These conditions continued so long that Rose began to lose her health. She used to get nervous spasms.

Later her husband went to war. He was in Constantinople, leading a bad life. After the war he came back home. The mother-in-law tried to slander Rose so that her son should be free to marry someone. Sometimes they used to go to the village and stay there. Rose was left all alone in the house without any food. So she started to sew for people to make a living. Once robbers got in and stole all her clothing.

The minister seeing that she couldn't endure this any longer, sent her back to Smyrna. They took her child away from her. So she remained in Smyrna all alone, because her mother had gone to America. She did dressmaking and lived. She led a miserable life, because times were

very bad. She suffered all kinds of hardships and scandal. At last, the pastor of the church obtained divorce papers for her giving her absolute freedom.

So in 1920, her mother helped her to come to America. When she got to Ellis Island, she sent word to her cousins in New-York to come and meet her because she didn't have enough fare to go to Fresno, California where her mother lived. She stayed in New-York for a month until money was sent for her fare.

When she came on the steamer she had no hat to wear, not even a coat, but just an old suit case with a few belongings.

After she went to Fresno she got married again in a short time. Her really happy life began then. Her husband, Mr. Emerzian, is a strong young man who treats her very kindly.

Rose has three healthy boys and a pretty little girl now. At first they had a vineyard in Kingsburg where they lived. It was a lovely place. They were very prosperous and lived in plenty & comfort.

Later they lost that property because they couldn't pay the mortgage. So in 1926 they moved to San Francisco, where her sister lived.

They bought a Cleaning and dyeing store. For a few years they were very successful. But after awhile the prices came down and also there were many more stores over than there used to be. And another reason during the depression the ready made dresses and coats were so cheap that people would rather buy new ones than have repaired their old clothing repaired.

Rose, being a dressmaker, is a great help in the business. At present, they just make enough for a living. They hope that better time will come again.

Her children go to school. The eldest has Rose's newspapers.

If she had stayed in Smyrna her life would have been ruined, because after she came over, just all the Christians were driven out of Smyrna. Smyrna was all on fire, the people had to flee for their lives. Mr. Emerjian is a self young man, now living in Athens. He wishes to come and see his mother, but he can't.

Mr. Emerjian has lived in this country for many years and he is a United States citizen who respects the laws of this country.

Greek

Mrs. Rose Emerzian comes from Smyrna, Asia-Minor. She was the youngest of her family. They were quite well off until her father died. Her eldest brother took care of the family for some time, but alas! he fell victim to bronchitis. Her eldest sister was already married then. Another sister died at the age of seventeen after a long illness. Her sister was a very good girl, gentle in disposition and refined. So, Rose, after having a primary education had to leave school and learn a trade so that she might be able to help her mother.

Over there, at that time, there was no factory work for girls. The girls could be teachers, dressmakers, nurses or maids. To be a maid was not considered very respectable. Rose had a desire to become a dressmaker. There were a few dressmakers in town. Some young girls would go and assist them in order to learn dressmaking. Downtown, in the stores, the merchants used to sell yard goods only. They wouldn't sell ready made dresses. So everybody had to sew for themselves, or, if they couldn't, they would either call a dressmaker into their homes or take the goods to a dressmaker to have their clothes made. Rose went to help a dressmaker in their neighborhood. She had special talent so in about six months she knew enough to work for herself. She was a slim girl, growing fast, and everybody though she was older than she actually was.

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Mrs. Rose Lorraine comes from Bryan, Mississippi. She was the youngest of her family. They were quite well situated her father died. Her oldest brother took care of the family for some time, but since he fell victim to tuberculosis [illegible] died at the age of seventeen after a long illness. Her sister was a very good girl, gentle in disposition and refined. So, Rose, after having a primary education had to leave school and learn a trade so that she might be able to help her mother.

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The minister of their church had gone to Bourbon for his summer vacation. Bourbon is a small town where the [illegible] [illegible] some book, told Rose's mother about a

young man, named Avedis, who was the son of one of the members of the church. He thought it would be a wise thing to make a match between the two of them. After he got the mother's consent, Rose was sent to Bourdour to get married. A strange place it was, away from her family.

Before we tell of her life, let us give you an idea about the town and the customs of its people.

Bourdour and Sparta, a few miles apart from each other, are two twin small towns, surrounded by mountains and sand-dunes. Bourdour is situated several miles inland off the port of Adalia on the coast of the Mediterranean Sea. It was through this part of the country that St. Paul made his journey, visiting Ephesus. The Smyrna-Aidin Railway which extends as far as Baladis, passes near the ancient ruins of Ephesus. You can still see the ruins of the amphitheatre and other broken statues.

From the last station the passengers have to travel in horse-wagons to reach Bourdour. Bourdour is a lovely place surrounded by fields, orchards, vineyards and rosegardens. The houses are mostly simple frame buildings. There there were Turks, Greeks and Armenians before the World War. Only a few hundred Armenian families lived there who had migrated from Persia a long time ago. They spoke some dialect of Armenian which was hard for an outsider to understand. It was a mixture of ancient Armenian, Persian and Turkish languages. The led a simple life. Some women made oriental rugs on looms at home. Almost every well-to-do family had a little home to live in, with a small vineyard or a rose garden. Some people got fish from Adalia and preserved them in salt for their own use. In May they gathered the roses, which have a sweet scent,

[illegible]

[illegible]

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Bernkopf [illegible], a few miles north from [illegible] on the main small town, surrounded by rocks [illegible] and sand-[illegible]. Bernkopf is situated northwest where the [illegible] on the coast of the Mediterranean sea. It was the [illegible] of the country that it. Land only the [illegible], which [illegible] The Nyrnk-[illegible] Railway which connects [illegible] not the ancient ruins of Ephesus. You can still see the ruins of the amphitheatre and other [illegible] at the.

From the last station the passengers have to travel in horse-wagons to reach Bernkopf. Bernkopf is a lovely place surrounded by fields, or rocks, vineyards and [illegible]. The houses are usually simple frame buildings. There also were Turks, Greeks and Armenians before the World War. Only a few hundred Armenian families live there who had migrated from Turkey a long time ago. They seem to be [illegible] [illegible] which [illegible] for [illegible] to [illegible].

[illegible]

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and distilled the rose oil in the same way as whiskey is distilled. The merchants made a big profit on it because it is very rare and expensive. They grew opium there, too. The people used the hashish oil which is obtained from hashish plants, in their food.

There is a beautiful extensive lake on the east side of the town, on the banks of which there are many rose gardens, orchards of peach and sour cherry trees. During the earthquake which took place in 1913 many houses wer ruined and many people were killed in the ruins. There was such a big tide that many acres of land were covered with water. The trunks of the trees were buried in the lake. It is said that the water contains arsenic. On some special holidays the people used to go there for swimming. Once a woman got drowned in that lake.

The women go out on the streets without any hats. Only on special holidays or on a wedding day would they display their old-fashioned garments and queer hats which had perhaps been lying on the bottoms of their trunks for years.

When they go to Turkish baths, especially when they have a bride-to-be among them, they hand on a line the fancy embroidered towels and garments of the bride to display them. They wear some wooden shoes with fancy leather straps studded with ivory. They have a regular picnic there. The take with them salted fish, beans, salad, etc. That, of course, doesn't sound sanitary.

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There is a beautiful embankment like on the east side of the town, on the bank of which there are many rich gardens, or simple of jasmin and sweet olderly trees. During the [illegible] which took place in 1910 many houses were [illegible] and many people were killed in the ruins. There was such a big tide that many acres of land were covered with water. The trunks of the trees were buried in the lake. It is said that the water contains arsenic. On a special holiday the people is used to go down for swimming. Once a woman got drowned in that lake.

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[illegible]

They wear some wooden shoes which funny in their strange [illegible] when a [illegible] lamp, bands, swans, etc. Much, of course, depends sound sanitary.

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Rose was very happy at first. She had a son named Georgie. He mother-in-law, being a naturally quarrelsome person, began to find fault with her and tried to make trouble for her all the time. All the neighbors were afraid of that woman. Her husband, too, when he returned from the village, used to ill-treat her, believing his mother. He would get so angry that he would tear the curtains into pieces. Even her father-in-law gave her trouble. He would make her wash his feet. Once he had kicked her with his rough shoes and hit her in the eye. The pastor of the place, seeing her with a black eye, wanted to find out the cause. He knew that she was innocent. These conditions continued so long that Rose began to lose her health. She used to get nervous spasms.

Later her husband went to war. He was in Constantinople, leading a bad life. After the war he came back home. The mother-in-law tried to slander Rose so that her son would be free to marry someone else. Sometimes, they used to go to the village and stay there. Rose was left all alone in the house without any food. So she started to sew for people to make a living. Once robbers got in and stole all her clothing.

The minister, seeing that she couldn't endure this any longer, sent her back to Smyrna. They took her child away from her so she remained in Smyrna all alone. Her mother had gone to America. She did dressmaking and lived. She led a miserable life, because times were very bad. She suffered all kinds of hardships and scandal. At last, the pastor of the church obtained divorce papers for her, giving her absolute freedom.

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They bought a cleaning and dying store. For a very few years they were successful. But after a while the prices came down and also there were many more stores than ther had been. Ther was another reason, during the depression ready made dresses and coats were so cheap that people would rather buy new ones than have their old cloting repaired.

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Rose was very happy at first. She had a son named Georgie. He mother-in-law, being a naturally quarrelsome person, began to find fault with her and tried to make trouble for her all the time. All the neighbors were afraid of that woman. Her husband, too, when he returned from the village, used to ill-treat her, believing his mother. He would get so angry that he would tear the curtains into pieces. Even her father-in-law gave her trouble. He would make her wash his feet. Once he had kicked her with his rough shoes and hit her in the eye. The pastor of the place, seeing her with a black eye, wanted to find out the cause. He knew that she was innocent. These conditions continued so long that Rose began to lose her health. She used to get nervous spasms.

Later her husband went to war. He was in Constantinople, leading a bad life. After the war he came back home. The mother-in-law tried to slander Rose so that her son would be free to marry someone else. Sometimes, they used to go to the village and stay there. Rose was left all alone in the house without any food. So she started to sew for people to make a living. Once robbers got in and stole all her clothing.

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Before we tell of her life, let us give you an idea about the town and the customs of its people.

Bourdour and Sparta, a few miles apart from each other, are two twin small towns, surrounded by mountains and sand-dunes. Bourdour is situated several miles inland off the port of Adalia on the coast of the Mediterranean Sea. It was through this part of the country that St. Paul made his journey, visiting Ephesus. The Smyrna-Aidin Railway which extends as far as Baladis, passes near the ancient ruins of Ephesus. You can still see the ruins of the amphitheatre and other broken statues.

From the last station the passengers have to travel in horse-wagons to reach Bourdour. Bourdour is a lovely place surrounded by fields, orchards, vineyards and rosegardens. The houses are mostly simple frame buildings. There there were Turks, Greeks and Armenians before the World War. Only a few hundred Armenian families lived there who had migrated from Persia a long time ago. They spoke some dialect of Armenian which was hard for an outsider to understand. It was a mixture of ancient Armenian, Persian and Turkish languages. The led simple life. Some women made oriental rugs on looms at home. Almost every well-to-do family had a little home to live in, with a small vineyard or a rose garden. Some people got fish from Adalia and preserved them in salt for their own use. In May they gathered the roses, which have a sweet scent,

and distilled the rose oil in the same way as whiskey is dis. The merchants made a big profit on it because it is very rare a expensive. They grew opium there, too. The people used the hashish oil which is obtained from hashish plants, in their food.

There is a beautiful extensive lake on the east side of the town, on the banks of which there are many rose gardens, orchards of peach and sour cherry trees. During the earthquake which took place in 1913 many houses wer ruined and many people were killed in the ruins. There was such a big tide that many acres of land were covered with water. The trunks of the trees were buried in the lake. It is said that the water contains arsenic. On some special holidays the people used to go there for swimming. Once a woman got drowned in that lake.

The women go out on the streets without any hats. Only on special holidays or on a wedding day would they display their old-fashioned garments and queer hats which had perhaps been lying on the bottoms of their trunks for years.

When they go to Turkish baths, especially when they have a bride-to-be among them, they hand on a line the fancy embroidered towels and garments of the bride to display them. They wear some wooden shoes with fancy leather straps studded with ivory. They have a regular picnic there. The take with them salted fish, beans, salad, etc. That, of course, doesn't sound sanitary.

Ther was a small community of church members, Greeks and Armenians together, and the services were performed in the Turkish language, because the Greeks could speak only Turkis. Costi Effendi, a very rich man, was the main support of the church.

He had a big house where his married sons and daughters lived together peacefully. He was a very hospitable man who entertained all the missionary workers that visited the place.

Rose was very happy at first. She had a son named Georgie. He mother-in-law, being a naturally quarrelsome person, began to find fault with her and tried to make trouble for her all the time. All the neighbors were afraid of that woman. Her husband, too, when he returned from the village, used to ill-treat her, believing his mother. He would get so angry that he would tear the curtains into pieces. Even her father-in-law gave her trouble. He would make her wash his feet. Once he had kicked her with his rough shoes and hit her in the eye. The pastor of the place, seeing her with a black eye, wanted to find out the cause. He knew that she was innocent. These conditions continued so long that Rose began to lose her health. She used to get nervous spasms.

Later her husband went to war. He was in Constantinople, leading a bad life. After the war he came back home. The mother-in-law tried to slander Rose so that her son would be free to marry someone else. Sometimes, they used to go to the village and stay there. Rose was left all alone in the house without any food. So she started to sew for people to make a living. Once robbers got in and stole all her clothing.

The minister, seeing that she couldn't endure this any longer, sent her back to Smyrna. They took her child away from her so she remained in Smyrna all alone. Her mother had gone to America. She did dressmaking and lived. She led a miserable life, because times were very bad. She suffered all kinds of hardships and scandal. At last, the pastor of the church obtained divorce papers for her, giving her absolute freedom.

In 1920, her mother helped her to come to America. When she got to Ellis Island she sent word to her cousins in New York to come to meet her because she didn't have enough fare to go to Fresno, California where her mother lived. She stayed in New York for a month until money was sent her for her fare.

When she came off the steamer she had no hat to wear, nor even a coat, just an old suitcase with a few belongings.

After she went to Fresno she got married again in a short ti e. Her life began to be really happy then. Her husband, Mr. Emerzian,is a strong young man who treats her very kindly. Rose has three healthy boys and a pretty little girl now.

At first they had a vineyard in Kingsburg where they lived. It was a lovely place and they were very prosperous and lived in plenty and comfort. Later, they lost that property because they couldn't pay the mortgage. So, in 1926, they moved to San Francisco where her sister lived.

They bought a cleaning and dying store. For a very few years they were successful. But after a while the prices came down and also there were many more stores than there had been. There was another reason, during the depression ready made dresses and coats were so cheap that people would rather buy new ones than have their old cloting repaired.

Rose, being a dressmaker, is a great help in the business. At present, they make just enough for a living. They hope that better times will come again.

Her children go to school. The eldest boy, Robert, sells newspapers.

If she had stayed in Smyrna, her life would have been ruined because after she came over here in 1922, all the Christians were

[illegible] seen work so far coming in now [illegible] [illegible] didn't have enough funds to go to France, [illegible] mother lived. He stayed in New York for a month [illegible] last two years.

When she came off the steamer she had no hat to wear, [illegible] even a coat, just an old suitcase with a few belongings.

After she went to France she just married again in a short [illegible]. Her life began to be really happy then. Her husband, Mr. [illegible] Rudon, is a strong young man who treats her very kindly. Rose [illegible] three healthy boys and a pretty little girl now.

At first they had a vineyard in Nicaragua where they lived. [illegible] a lovely place and they were very prosperous and lived in plenty and comfort. Later, they lost that property because they couldn't pay the mortgage. So, in 1926, they moved to San Francisco [illegible].

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Rose, being a dressmaker, is a great help in the business. At present, they make just enough for a living. They hope that better times will come again.

Her children go to school. The oldest boy, Robert, going [illegible]

[illegible] in Italy, but the Christians were

drifen out of Asia-Minor. Smyrna was set on fire. The people to flee for their lives. Her son, Georgie, is a tall young man living in Athens. He wishes to come to see his mother, but he can

Mr. Emerzian has lived in this country for many years and he is a United States citizen who respects the laws of this country.

Greek

On the western and southerly shores of Greece, I was born between two large cities, but not in any city, and not too near one, and again, not too near the other. It is not so good to be born in a city, anyway. When I was a boy my earliest love was boats. Boats--I am nuts over boats. And if you've lived in Greece forty-two years ago, you would easily know the reason for this, especially if you'd lived on the south and west of the mainland.

The creams, the lavenders and the blackest of greens that flash out from the vast Mediterranean as the dawn comes up and out of Turkey! And the sails of the fishermen, all greys against a curtain of a thousand hues of red....! But then, I am an artist and perhaps you do not understand? Yes, I learned to love color as a small boy and there is no color on earth, even today, such as there is in that birthright of philosophers, artists, and craftsmen, my land, my home, the nest from which I have flown and to which I shall never return. Ah, I am too old, you see. I've grown old so quickly, just a short year more and it is sixty years since my Croatian mother bore me, gave me to the world,--and what a world!

My earliest love was boats, then came books. Books I have stolen, borrowed, bought and begged. Books I have traded, yes, I traded my shoes, the very first pair, for an old copy of Plato in Greek, of course, but tehn, one does not need shoes anyway. It was through these books that I began to love people, all kinds of people, good and bad. It was through them that I came to America, the land of Democracy, the government of the people. Some day this may be so. Yes, I still love people and perhaps more so

now that I have become old. What a pity to be old and unable to do great work, because of the narrowness and hypocricy all around you! But I have faith in the people, of this my land by choice and adoption, and all my prayers, to whatever God there be, are that this faith be not unfounded.

Greek

On the weste n and southerly shores of Greece, I was born between two large cities, but not in any city, and not too near one, and again, not too near the other. It is not so good to be born in a city, anyway. When I was a boy my earliest love was boats. Boats--I am nuts over boats. And if you've lived in Greece forty-two years ago, you would easily know the reason for this, especially if you'd lived on the so th and west of the mainland.

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The People

L 3 65

On the western and southerly shores of Greece I was born, between two large cities, but not in any city, and not too near one, and again, not too near the other. It is not so good to be born in a city, anyway. As a boy my earliest love was boats. Boats — I am nuts over boats. And if you lived in Greece forty-two years ago, you would easily have seen why this was, especially on the gulf and west of the mainland.

The creaming, the lavender and the black-red of sails that flash out from the vast Mediterranean as the dawn comes up and out of Turkey! And the sails of the fishermen, all grays against a curtain of a thousand shades of red.....! But then, I am an artist and perhaps you do not understand? Yes, I learned to love colors as a small boy, and there is no color on earth, even today, such as there is in that birthright of philosophers, artists, and craftsmen, my land, my home, the rest from which I have flown and to which I never shall return. Ah, I am too old, you see. We grow old so quickly; just a short year more and it is sixty years since my Croatian mother bore me out into this world. And what a world.

My earliest love was boats, then came books. Books I have stolen, borrowed, bought, and begged. Books I have traded — yes. I traded my shoes, the very first pair for an old copy of Plato — in

The People (Continued)

Heck of course; but then, one does not need shoes anyway. It was through these books that I began to love people, all kinds of people, good and bad. It was through them that I came to America, the land of Democracy, the government of the people. Some day this may be so. Yes, I still love people, and perhaps more so, now that I have become old. What a pity to be old, and unable to do great work because of nonsense and hypocrisy all around you! But I have faith in the people, & this my land by choice and adoption, and all my prayers, to whatever God there be, is that this faith be not unfounded.

San Francisco Calif. Dec. 29/34

Statement of D. G. Liapis

I was born a few miles out of Sparta Greece. I have two brothers and a sister. My parents were poor and our work at home was most any-thing we could get.

As children we had a hard time and were put to work when ever we could get anything to do. At the age of twelve I went to work for my uncle in the grocery business. I worked for him for a long time for which I got my board and lodging, some clothes. At the age of twenty I came to this country and secured a job with a Greek grocery store keeper, which business I have followed ever since, and for the past 25 or 30 yrs I have had my my own business saved my money and am in pretty good circumstances now. I have had very little education but can read and write English. I am a citizen of this country and vote the Republican Ticket

I am married and have a family of 4 children, all going to school. I want to give my children a good education which I did not get as I know the value of this to them. My oldest son works for me in the store during his vacation, and the other son works after school hours.

I dont care to mention my home life as a boy, but we struggled to get along the same as any poor people do back there, which is worse than in this country.

No, I dont ever want to go back to Greece. My parents are both dead and lived to the age of 80. There are some things that are indescribable in my country and only bring back unpleasant memories. So what's the use to go into that and why do you want to know? what's the idea of these questions? to this I answered it is all for my own information.

P. H. Burg

Joseph M. Ullrich

Mr. U was born in Athens County, thirty-seven years ago.

His father was a fairly successful grocery merchant in that city. Mr. U was the only child.

Second of four children. He attended school regularly. After four periods of six months to a year was unable to attend school and eventually he was nineteen years of age before he finished his elementary grades.

He went as freshman in school preparing to assist his father in the store. This he did for over a year during which time his health improved remarkably.

He lost much of the first year during that period. At twenty-one

years of age
~~till~~ X, attracted by the success of the Corsen in the United States, hoped to try his fortune there also. He persuaded his parents to finance his trip, and two months after he attained his twenty-first year he migrated to the United States.

On arriving in New York, he went directly to the Greek Consul who was successful in obtaining him a position in large grocery warehouse.

His meagre knowledge of English retarded his advancement, but he was determined to master the language not X says he went to night school in New York for one year and during that time, he improved his English seventy-five percent.

P At this time his brother wrote telling him of his success in the vegetable business in San Francisco and offered him a position which he immediately accepted

NoP Mr. X, on arriving in San Francisco, took up his abode in the enterprising Greek Colony, and secured his new duties in the Company's store.

At night he attended school. In another year, with the exception of a slight accent, he could speak English like a native-born American

Tiring of the vegetable business he resolved to look around and try his luck in other fields of endeavor.

NoP In a few months he obtained an office position in the offices of a large

Railroad Company. His knowledge of Greek, coupled with the fact he spoke English well, helped him towards this end.

He worked for this Company for three years, advanced rapidly, and earned quite a sum of money.

NOTE Suddenly for reasons MX refuse to divulge he lost his position. He decided to try his fortune, but this time, for himself, and with his earnings he bought a small grocery store in a good residential district of San Francisco.

NOTE He was forced to work from dawn on the morning to ten o'clock at night,

the business did not permit him to
hire help, and to keep them, these
hours were necessary.
NOTE In a year Mr X had doubled his
business. He moved to a new but
so that he could have more space.
He took a partner, and for five years,
ran two business. He and his
partner opened a second store
which also proved successful
X married a local girl of his
own race. He now has a baby
daughter. of his own
He owns a beautiful home in
the Marina District of San Francisco
Leaves some income property.

of ~~Forty~~ Sixty-seven, Mr X, still a young man, is quite successful. He is what a Greek immigrant has to say about his success "It is true at my age that I am quite successful from a financial ~~monetary~~ standpoint and am quite happy, but I have had no time for anything but work since I came to this country. I was handicapped by ~~with~~ my scant knowledge of the American language and had to overcome that, first I was without any "good times" as a boy and was forced to save my money I am very happy that I came to the United States where I did"

Report of

Hugo Hamell

L 27 C

Greek

Mr. S. T., a naturalized American citizen, was born and raised in the city of Athens, Greece.

His parents were fugitives from the persecution of Turkish oppressors, and had just come to Athens a short while before his birth.

A roving band of Turkish irregular cavalry entered their village, and after a day's carousing in the taverns of the village, took objection to some innocent remark made by a villager.

This exception took form in the killing of this villager, and upon a protest from the head man of the village, the marauders took matters in their own hands, beginning an orgy of killing and rapine.

Mr. S. T.'s family, was one of the few families of this village, which was able to elude the fury of these drunken troopers, and after untold hardships, reached Athens, where, with the assistance of some relatives, they established themselves.

When of age, Mr. S. T. attended school whenever possible, but the family still being in straitened circumstances, he was forced to assist his father in his place of business, thereby making the matter of his education a thing of secondary consideration, Mr. S. T. being barely able to read and write.

Attending of school was not compulsory in the days of Mr. S. T.'s youth and was considered and looked upon as more or less a luxury, to be indulged in only by those of the wealthier inhabitants.

When he was fifteen years of age, he was placed, according to the custom of the country at that time, under the tutelage of a weaver; his father paying a necessary sum for the privilege of apprenticing him, giving his employer all authority and privileges in the teaching and upbringing of Mr. S. T. during the period of apprenticeship.

For two years he endured this mode of legal slavery, learning a trade that was distasteful to him, obeying the mandates of a master whose very sight was abhorrent to him and created a terror in his heart.

His father finally listened to his pleadings, and upon paying the weaver a certain sum for his release from the apprenticeship, or legal bondage, Mr. S. T. returned home.

Business conditions having improved for his father, Mr. S. T. spent the following years in assisting him in his place of business, happier than when he was an apprentice, until the time came for the necessary, compulsory Military service.

Knowing, and having spoken to some youths who were serving, or had served in the ~~Turkish~~ army, and hearing of the hardships of military life, of the continual border warfare with the Turks, of the skirmishes with bandit hordes, of the careless attention given wounded by their officers, Mr. S. T., deciding that Army life and discipline would be highly disagreeable to him, ~~he~~ induced his father to aid him financially ~~in the matter of escaping~~ so that he could escape from his native country, and thereby save himself from this compulsory service.

~~His assistance was only given~~ His father agreed to assist him after Mr. S. S. promised, he would never again come to him for financial aid, except in the direct necessity, and to prove to him his ability to make his own way in the world.

So, after weeks of planning, he managed to escape the vigilance of the authorities and sailed for this Country.

On Arriving in New York, he took abode with some Countrymen, doing odd work for them for a year or so, until he able to make himself partially understood in the English language.

Mr. S. S. claims that he had no trouble understanding everything that was spoken, but for years he was unable to express himself intelligently, until an aquaintance advised him to leave the Greek Colony and settle among Americans.

This change proved to be for the better, as it brought him in contact with English speaking people exclusively, thereby forcing him to also think in English.

Up until then, his thinking had been done in his native language, necessitating a mental translation before expression, and thereby retarding his progress in the mastering of this language.

A few years later he left for Philadelphia, Pa. to work in a Cigarette factory, specializing in the manufacturing of Turkish cigarettes.

One evening a friend of his took him out "to show him the town," they had entered some hall where card playing was in progress, and had been there only a few minutes, when police raided this particular place.

Mr. S. S., said, "I didn't know what it was all about, it happened so quickly;" He was taken to jail with the rest of the habitues of the place, and next morning was

ordered to appear ~~f~~ before the judge.

Upon appearing before him, in spite of his protestations of ignorance and innocence, he was sentenced to serve thirty days in the city prison.

That was bad enough, but after he had served his ~~imposed~~ term, no move was made to release him. Finally, he wrote to some friends, and through their efforts effected his release. He had actually served forty two days instead of thirty, the police apologized, ~~and~~ saying they were sorry for their oversight.

On returning to his place of employment, he explained to his employer, the events leading up to his unfortunate arrest and convinced them of his innocence. They re employed him and placed him in his old position.

About the year ~~Nineteen hundred~~ 1900, Mr. B. S. decided to go to Seattle, Washington, and having been careful in his own financial affairs, he was able to take his time, to be on the alert for a good business opportunity.

This opportunity arose a short time afterwards.

An acquaintance, who owned a restaurant, received a letter, saying that his parents in Europe were dying, and had expressed the desire to see him before they passed from this world.

Mr. B. T. informed him that he would buy his business, provided he was taught the business for thirty days.

Mr. B. T.'s condition being met, he blossomed forth as a cook and restaurant owner, doing fairly well in this new line of work, but his real success came, upon his marriage to a girl, who had been employed as a cook by some of the wealthiest families in Seattle.

With her assistance in the kitchen, the restaurant became popular among the surrounding business men

and their business became flourishing and prosperous.

In the mean time, his wife's family, arrived from Europe, visited with them for several months, then moved to San Francisco for permanent residence.

A few years after their arrival, Mrs. S.T. became ill, and after months of suffering, was ordered by doctors to take a complete rest from both business and household duties.

So they decided to send her to San Francisco, ~~and~~ where she could receive the attention of her parents during the process of recuperation; Mr. S.T. remaining to attending to the business affairs.

During her convalescence, Mrs. S.T. became enamored ~~with~~ of the delightful climate of this city, and in nineteen ~~hundred and fifteen~~ 1915 induced Mr. S.T. to sell his business interests in Seattle, and come to San Francisco. When he arrived ~~Arriving~~ here, he took a well earned rest, taking in the sights of the city and surrounding country, and after several months of relaxation purchased a restaurant on Post ~~st.~~ Street, across from the Olympic Club.

His wife, having fully recovered from her illness, again took her place in the business, and his restaurant became well known to the members of the ~~Club~~ Club as a place where the food could be relied upon.

Mr S.T. remained in this location for over ten years finally selling it at a good profit, and he was thinking of retiring.

With this thought in mind, he purchased a home in Berkeley, bought a car, and proceeded to enjoy a well earned rest. This lasted for a little over a year, when he ~~be~~ ~~came to~~ noticed a nervous ness and irritability in himself that was entirely foreign to his nature.

Upon consultating of a physician, and ~~an~~ having a physical examination

~~both physical and oral~~, he was laughingly advised that he was physically fit, and to get busy and find something to occupy his mind.

Following this advice, Mr. S. T. returned to the business world, purchasing a restaurant on Telegraph Avenue near the University of California, but is not doing any of the actual work himself, merely acting in the capacity of managing owner.

In his political affiliations, Mr. S. T., has always been a staunch Republican, until this last election, when he broke his tradition by casting his vote for a Democratic President.

He is a great admirer of our president, Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt, and thinks he is the right man in the right place, at the right time, and only regrets that Mr. Roosevelt's presidential powers are of such a limited nature.

Mr. S. T., is a bitter foe of the Communist Party and sincerely hopes that the authorities will be able to stamp out the propaganda of these men.

A few weeks ago Mr. & Mrs. S. T. celebrated their twenty fifth wedding anniversary, it being a very lonely one for them, as no children of their own assisted them in celebrating the happy event. ~~Both~~ ~~regretting~~ Of them regret that this one pleasure was denied them during all the years of their married life.

Recently ~~they~~ purchased an old Hotel in Emeryville near the ~~new~~ proposed new highway, and at the present time is completely remodeling the place, expecting to sell it at a good profit upon the completion of the bridge and highway.

Mr. G.T. expects to live to a ripe old age, ~~to~~ and he evidently takes good care of himself.

His habits are good, he drinks ~~very~~ only at meal times, and is a very moderate smoker; he retires at nine o'clock every evening, and rises again at six o'clock in the morning.

Mr. G.T., certainly represents the type of immigrant that is an honor for this country, and makes the best citizen.

(Enc)

L. S. Hagopian

In Curta Asia Minor, there was a magnificent church built by the efforts of a zealous minister, whose name was Abu-Hayat that means "son of life". He had a devoted, big congregation, ~~who~~ which loved and respected him. He had a good wife, ~~3~~ three sons and ~~3~~ three daughters. A happy family indeed!

All was well until 1896, when he was killed with the majority of his flock. His wife died a short time after his death, broken hearted.

Eunice, the eldest daughter, became a teacher and mothered the little ones. After she got married, Miss Shattuck, the well known missionary, sent the two younger girls to Smyrna to be educated and cared for in the German Orphanage ~~and~~ & School there. ~~And~~ The three little boys remained in the American Orphanage under the care of Miss Shattuck. They had mothers there to take care of them. They grew up and were educated until they were old enough to become independent and self-supporting.

Armenag, the eldest became a doctor, Harry and Vahan the youngest were sent to Aintab College to receive a higher education.

L. S. Hagopian

Harry Hayat, whose life we are interested in, wished to come to America to study Chemistry. One of his Sisters, Takouhie, was married to a dentist and lived in Brooklyn, New York. Two of his sisters had married two brothers of the Knadjian family. They were quite well off. They helped him come over to America. He came to ~~America~~ when at the age of eighteen, in 1911. He lived with his sister for a time.

Afterwards, he went to Springfield, Massachusetts and entered a hospital there, where he worked as orderly or as an assistant in the drug department for several years, studying at the same time.

Later he went to Chicago, Ill. and entered a School of Chemistry to receive the required training, ~~knowledge~~, ~~so~~ that he might be able to make a living.

After he finished his course, he came back to New York and worked as chemist for a big firm.

In 1918 he moved to Newark, New Jersey where the brother of Mr. Knadjian lived. He got a good position as chemist in a very old establishment. He worked steadily for many years in the same place with a moderate salary and saved some money.

In 1920 he got married to a nurse, who had worked in a hospital in Constantinople during the war. They have only one daughter now, who attends the high school.

Mr. H. Kayat is a man of principles, with temperate habits, he wouldn't go ~~into~~ to the extreme in anything. In Newark he had a modest home and lived a simple life with comfort. He had become a Mason and used to go to their lodge sometimes.

His brother Vahan has settled in Boston, working in a hospital in the pantry department. He was married to a nurse working in the same hospital. She is a good woman, kind and sympathetic. They have a little baby boy now. Vahan and his wife working together have saved a considerable amount of money. After the war ended they helped Eunice to come over with her five children. Dr. Eunice's husband was long dying the war, just because he was a Christian. He used to be Miss Vatuck's private secretary and also superintendent of Sunday School trustee. Just before the war broke out he had come to America to pay a visit to his sister and others. They were five brothers of the Knadjian family. He had to go back to his family in Cursa, unaware that he was going to his death.

L. A. Hagopian

Eunice was deported with her five children to the desert places of Der-Zor. One of her sons was put in jail and beaten several times. After Eunice and her children came over, by the aids of Deman, they got good employment soon, because they had good educations. Jacob, her eldest son, became the manager of a rug factory owned by Mr. Avakian a rich merchant. Later he was transferred to Los Angeles where Mr. Avakian had a branch factory. Jacob was appointed a manager there because he was able and trustworthy. Consequently, the whole family moved to Los Angeles, where they settled. They liked the warm mild climate there very much and it helped Eunice regain her health, for she had grown very weak from suffering. The death of her husband and the loss of property, deprivation and poverty in consequence thereof, was too much for her to endure.

A year after, Vahan, too, moved to Los Angeles and went into partnership with a rug merchant and works there as salesman now.

Mr. Hayat's sister still lives in Brooklyn where they own a nice house. She has a grown-up daughter and a son, who attends High school.

L. S. Kaprian

Mr. Kayat's sister Elizabeth had become a kindergarten teacher in Kurfa and was married to a schoolmaster. During the war she was there with her two children. Her husband was a soldier in the Turkish army. He bravely crossed the Turkish border and went to Russia, where he joined General Antranig as a volunteer and became a captain.

Because he had run away, the Turks were seeking his wife and children to take vengeance upon them. Armenag Hagal, being a doctor worked in the Turkish hospital then. He had great influence so he helped Elizabeth escape to Aleppo, in Syria, with her two children. After the war ended, she, too, came over to America and settled in Los Angeles. She has a married daughter now, with a baby, and a son who works in a wholesale vegetable store. They are both high school graduates.

We have said that Mr. H. Kayat had a good position in Newark and had saved some money. He suffered ~~too~~ from illness and depression. In 1927 he was taken ~~got~~ seriously ill with double pneumonia. The doctors had no hope for him. They did everything they could to save his life. His savings were soon gone. His brother Vahan sent him to a private

Hospital and paid all the doctor's bills. When the crisis was over he was taken care of at home. Vahan's wife, being an experienced nurse took care of him. The doctors were surprised at how he pulled through. He recuperated slowly. His wife worked, because he was very weak. For nearly six months he stayed home and took a good rest. But he didn't find the housework so easy. Sometimes he would cook a food without salt. He found it very hard to wash the crush pan. He didn't like housekeeping, of course, and his experience made him appreciate more what his wife had to do for him every day. Once he said, "I went to the next world and came back again".

After he felt strong enough to work, he couldn't get his old job, because some one else had taken his place. At that time it was very hard to get employment. He tried to work as a spotter for a cleaning and dyeing factory in Newark. He did that for a few months, but he didn't like it because the hours were very long and it was hard work, so he quit.

Two years ago, after his brother and sister settled down in Los Angeles, they wrote to him and asked him come over. He couldn't find anything

in his line of work. He did some odd jobs and worked part time now and then. His wife took care of an invalid woman. In this way they were able to live. There he applied for steady work. He was told that the main factory was in San Francisco. So he came ~~over~~ to San Francisco. First got a part time work. Soon he sent for his family to join him S.F. In his spare time he and his wife worked for the Armenian to get subscriptions.

Now he has a steady work in the same factory. He is very glad that he came here. He likes San Francisco very much. Once he said, "It's a small New York on the Pacific Coast". At present they live in a small apartment house and some day they wish to have their own home. They are content and happy. Also they are thankful in this present condition after a long hard struggle.

Mr. Harry Hayat has been a loyal citizen ever since he came to this country, and so are his relatives.

L. L. Hagopian OK = 1 = d 2+0

Samson is a large town in Asia-Minor, situated on the Southern coast of the Black Sea, not far from Constantinople. It is a sea-port town.

Before the World War, there lived many Turkish speaking Greeks, Orthodox in religion. Also there were Jews, Armenians and Turks.

Most of the Greeks were wealthy and belonged to aristocratic class that led a social luxurious life. Among these people there lived a rich family by the name Pavlides, who had a brilliant son named Pavlos.

After receiving a good education in his home town, he mastered the Greek and Turkish languages thoroughly. Then he was sent to Beirut, where he studied medicine in the College. After he finished his course successfully, he went back to Samson, to practice medicine as a professional doctor.

It was just at that time when Turkey entered the war. He had to serve the country, so he was assigned ~~to him~~ to work in the Hospital as a Surgeon. That was lucky because he preferred to ~~rather~~ do that than go to war.

Soon the Hospitals were filled with wounded soldiers and other patients afflicted with every kind of diseases. such as - influenza, typhus etc. Dr. Pallidis had much to do now, and this offered him a good opportunity to gain experience.

During that time, the Armenians ~~in general~~, all over the country were being driven away from their comfortable homes by force, and deported from place to place. The Turks were just looking for a chance and thus, ~~they~~ took advantage of the war.

On the way the cruel Turks killed the men most treacherously, then forced the women and children to walk for miles, half starved and thursty robbing them of everything that they could carry on their person.

On the way, good looking maidens were seperated from their mother to be taken to ~~their~~ Turkish most horrible harems. There was a young girl named Eleana who was the daughter of a well known Minister. Her father had been killed, and she, with her friend was seperated from her mother. They escaped somehow from the hands of the Turks and took refuge in the house of a Greek family in Samsoun ~~Heding~~ Hid under the beds or in the closets in fear that any time the Turks would enter the house to search.

One day, she hid in the closet, with a flask of poison in her hand. Because she would rather die than be taken by the Turks. When the officers entered the house to search, she drank the poison, although they never could find her.

Immediately she was taken to the hospital, where ~~that~~ the young Doctor Polides ~~Pavlides~~ treated her and made her well. She was sick for quite a while, from the effects of the poison.

~~Eleana~~ Eleana became a nurse in that same hospital after she ~~got~~ was well and was very grateful

to the doctor to whom she owed her life. The doctor fell in love with this intelligent, charming girl and became engaged to her and remained so for seven years.

They had to be very careful and not talk to each other in public, because in the same hospital there were a few Turkish doctors. If it was discovered that he was interested in an Armenian girl, it would be very bad for him.

A few years after Elena's mother and little sister were located and sent for. They had no means of support. The doctor was very good to them. He put them in a Greek home and took care of them in every respect. When bread was so scarce and hard to get, being a doctor, had more privileges and could supply them with bread and other provisions.

They had another obstacle. The doctor's parents were against him. They naturally expected that he would marry a society girl of his own rank, nationality and religion. They were proud people, and it was a rare occurance that an Orthodox Greek should marry a Protestant Armenian.

They tried very hard to persuade him not to marry this poor Armenian girl but it was all in vain. They even blackmailed her and tried to do her harm.

So after many years of patient waiting, as soon as the war was over, they came over to America in 1919. At first they settled in Fresno California, where Aurora's eldest sister and brother lived. There they married soon after they arrived.

The doctor had come over with some money, but he soon found out that he could not practice medicine unless he obtained a certificate from the State of California. So he worked very hard to overcome this obstacle. He didn't know a word of English. He began to learn the English language. His wife helped him in his studies as she was familiar with the language. He went to night school and also studied at home. So in a short time he was able to obtain his certificate. In the meantime, Elena, his wife, worked and helped him in this way. Elena's mother lived with them until her death three years ago.

After they moved from Fresno to San Francisco, The doctor established his office downtown in a big office building, where many professional men

work.

Dr. Galides is well known now and patronized by many San Franciscans. He has great many Greek patients. Although he is a surgeon as well as medical doctor, he has specialized particularly in men's deseases.

He is a good citizen, well established. Lately he bought a private house built with every accomodation and furnished comfortably.

His wife is a social worker, she sings in the church. They live happily and are glad to be American citizens working for the welfare and interest of the American Nation.

Edward Bernhart

Subject : G. Vasilianos (male)

Nationality : Greek

Age : 44

Condition : unmarried,

Status : owner of coffee-shop in San Francisco

History : Subject was born in Hagios, Morea, Greece, the district known as Sparta. His father was, and is, customs-officer of a small Greek port, his mother the daughter of a well-to-do farmer living in town.

He has two brothers, now in the Greek army. His family is still living in Greece, in the Piraeus, the port of Athens.

G. ran away from home at the age of twelve and got as far as Paris, spending about six months travelling. He was caught by the police and returned to his parents.

He spent a few years in Italy, doing odd jobs, and travelling. At the age of ~~21~~ twenty-one he came to this country, partly because of a desire to travel, partly to escape military service, for which he would soon have been eligible, and partly to earn his own living in a new land. He came to New York City, where he lived for some time.

A few years later he came to San Francisco, where he has been living ever since. ~~[illegible]~~ (see page 3)

Former status : Middle-class family, they lived in Piraeus most of the time. G. remembers the life there very well, especially their conditions when they lived in Sparta.

Being of middle-class they did not work as did farmers; they lived fairly well, though there were richer classes above them in the same village. His older brothers entered the army at an early age, but he refused. He studied in the schools and was an able pupil. He studied to become an actor and a singer.

G. described the conditions of life in Sparta as being of less than average American level of living. They had gas lights, a servant, their own home; but they entered into the village festivals and sports of their countrymen. He remembers well the festivals in the fall and in the spring. His family and neighbors seemed well acquainted with Grecian history and ancient achievements in arts, wars, etc.

Present status : G. now is owner of a small coffee-shop in San Francisco. He is only fairly well-off, and plans to go out of business in a month or less. His shop consists of one large room, full of marble-top tables and iron chairs. At the far end is a raised platform on which musicians sit playing Greek and Turkish instruments. In the rear is a little kitchen, from which is served food and drink of a distinctively oriental character.

His patrons are all Greek and speak English poorly. They drink Turkish coffee and a liquer 'mastica', licorice; 'resina', a Greek wine with rosin in it; goat's milk cheese and pine nuts.

Mostly men attend; a woman sings ~~in~~ with the orchestra of four pieces. From ten to midnight, patrons come, talk, and often dance old Greek folk dances.

Education : G. is extremely well educated in Greek language, history, and arts. He has a large library of Greek authors, ancient and modern. He is intimately familiar with Homer, Plato, Aristotle, the tragedians, and contemporary Greek work. He knows Dante, Virgil, and Ovid in Greek translations.

He has acted a great deal in this country. He sang for a time with the San Carlos Opera Co. In San Francisco he and a group of friends regularly put on Greek plays. He made a translation of a play of Moliere into modern Greek and acted in it. He has read many modern dramatists. *

All his education was received in the old country. He reads English fairly well, speaks poorly, probably due to there being little need for him to ~~know it~~. to better.

He discusses, very intelligently, modern political and economic questions, is somewhat hampered by a lack of knowledge ~~as~~ of to our institutions.

He is an American citizen. He did not fight in the war.

Attitudes : He is very fond of Greece and its customs; yet likes this country better for rather vague reasons. He feels that life over here is larger and somehow better, one can get more out of life. One lives better also, economically and physically.

He is stoical about the depression, sad to have to go out of business, yet is resigned and tolerant.

* He sings very well, belongs to a singing club, also an acting group.

G. has retained, to a surprising degree, his Greek habits of life. He eats Greek food and drinks the familiar wines. He eats with other Greeks in their own places, where they ~~talk~~ speak Greek and discuss their own countries politics and affairs.

He does not come in ~~great~~ much contact with Americans and so finds it rather unimportant to know English well.

He is very proud of his knowledge of the antique Greeks and their works, and knows much of Homer and the tragedians by heart. He is fairly widely read in contemporary drama when translated into his language. He speaks highly of men like Pirandello, and he knows whole scenes from his plays.

Practically all of his patrons speak Greek and few Americans patronize his coffee-shop. They talk Greek at all times, the signs in the windows are Greek, and newsboys sell Greek papers.

Greek food ~~habits~~ tastes are maintained in their public and private eating, even being imported from Greece; e.g. rosin-flavored wine, Greek olives, pine nuts pickled in salt, etc. They make their coffee and bread from old country recipes.

He dislikes the Turks heartily, calls them 'tartars'. Yet much of the music he plays is Turkish, ~~as is~~ and their coffee is from Turkey.

History (continued) G. has had a most interesting and complex life in this country. He travelled from New York to San Francisco across country, stopping in various cities and towns, doing odd jobs. The time interval was about five to seven years. He was at different times, a scene changer in opera, singer in opera, professional actor, professional gambler, professional wrestler, farm laborer, grocery clerk, waiter.

Early in the '20s, he returned to Greece for a short time and married a Grecian woman. He has a child, now ~~8~~ eight years old. His wife and he are separated, she now being en route to Greece for a visit. So various were his jobs and so irregular in hours he says that he and she never had a regular meal together in their married life.

Greek

On the weste n and southerly shores of Greece, I was born between two large cities, but not in any city, and not too near one, and again, not too near the other. It is not so good to be born in a city, anyway. When I was a boy my earliest love was boats. Boats--I am nuts over boats. And if you've lived in Greece forty-two years ago, you would easily know the reason for this, especially if you'd lived on the south and west of the mainland.

The creams, the lavenders and the blackest of greens that flash out from the vast Mediterranean as the dawn comes up and out of Turkey! And the sails of the fishermen, all greys against a curtain of a thousand hues of red....! But then, I am an artist and perhaps you do not understand? Yes, I learned to love color as a small boy and there is no color on earth, even today, such as there is in that birthright of philosophers, artists, and craftsmen, my land, my home, the nest from which I have flown and to which I shall never return. Ah, I am too old, you see. I've grown old so quickly, just a short year mo e and it is sixty years since my Croatian mother bore me, gave me to the world,--and what a world!

My earliest love was boats, then came books. Books I have stolen, borrowed, bought and begged. Books I have traded, yes, I traded my shoes, the very first pair, for an old copy of Plato in Greek, of course, but tehn, one does not need shoes anyway. It was through these books that I began to love people, all kinds of people, good and bad. It was through them that I came to America, the land of Democracy, the government of the people. Some day this may be so. Yes, I still love people and perhaps mo e so

now that I have become old. What a pity to be old and unable to do great work, because of the narrowness and hypocricy all around you! But I have faith in the people, of this my land by choice and adoption, and all my prayers, to whatever God there be, are that this faith be not unfounded.

Peter Theafelactopoulos was born in Deakopton, Eagialias, Greece. He is a little, worn working man, round-headed, low-browed, round-eyed, with a hard skull and pachydermatic skin, creased with labor and seriousness. He is quiet, so inarticulate that he can scarcely get a word off his tongue, but he is intent, determined, and unafraid.

His fatherwas a farmer who owned a few acres on which he raised grapes, figs and orgnges. He had no schooling. His father died when he was five. When he was ten years old, he herded sheep, and when he was sixteen he went to work on the farm. The few acres were divided between four brothers.

One brother came to the United States and Peter followed him. He worked in St. Louis, Missouri for many years as a section hand. The war came, and he was drafted, but so late that the Armistice was signed befor he had to serve. He worked in Salt Lake City for some time on the railroad. While thre, he tried to take out citizenship papers but the United States head examiner, a certain Sullivan, would not give him his papers without a bribe of twenty dollars which Peter did not have.

He participated in a strike in 1922, was taken back on the railroad, but was fired on some pretext in 1924. He got part time work in the shops, off and on, in Salida, Colorado. Then he went to Pueblo, Nevada and worked in the smelter.

Until he came to Colorado, he had never had socialistic thoughts nor tendencies. He h ard, once in a while, from other men, of the revolutionary movement, but this just casually, and it didn't impress him. Finally, he made a decision of his own accord. No one had given him any explanation of the revolu-

tionary movement, and no one had tried to convince him. He saw "crooks", he saw starvation, and he saw through the war. The war was a "boss's war", and not his or any other individual's. The war was not the war of his country. "The workers haven't got any country." He joined the Communist Party of his own volition.

He tried to get work in San Francisco but got a job for a few days only. He had $800 in Greece, sent for it, but because the exchange rate was low he lost $260. He lived on this money until 1932. After that a friend trusted him and helped him. He went on relief two months ago. He has no family. "If you can't live right, how can you support a family?"

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D. Benson

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Greek

Mr. P. was born in Smyrna, Asia-Minor, sixty-three years ago. This city had a population of approximately 250,000 people at that time.

Mr. P. wished i distinctly unddrstood that he was Greek and not Turkish. We, of course, understand that Asia-Minor was under Turkish rule for quite a period of time and that through intermarriage, etc, there were many people with Turkish blood. P. claims that the Turks are the "barbarian influence" of Asia-Minor and entirely responsible for the lack of progress, which was very true at the time Mr. P. left that country. In fact this was one of the main reasons why P. left Asia-Minor for America, as will shortly be revealed. He, himself, claims to be pure Greek, of which he is ve y proud, and he shows a poorly concealed disdain for the Turks.

P. had three brothers and two sisters. None of them attended school. Schooling in Smyrna was not for the laboring man and his family, unless he had money and plenty of it, which was highly improbable, even for a craftsman. There were no public schools--they were all more or less private, and the fees were quite high, limiting the facilities to the moneyed class. The government officials, in general, did not approve of widespread education. P. attributes this feeling to the ulterior motives of the Turks. He claims that the Turks have always used the "club of ignorance" to subjugate the masses. To continue, P. did not receive the benefit of an education. Up until the time wwhen he was twelve years of age his day was spent in playing and doing household chores. His father was a tin-smith and owned a tin-shop. At eight years of age

P would spend a few hours of the day around the shop. However, he was too young to learn much until he was twelve. When he was twelve, the fooling stopped and his life began in earnest. P. went to his father's shop early in the day and returned home late at night. When I asked him how many hours a day he worked he replied: "Hours? My friend, that depended upon the sun, we worked not bb hours; we worked from the rise of the sun until darkness forced us to drop our tools." P. stated that his father made a living, just a living, and that is all. He never knew of his saving any money. By the time he reached his seventeenth birthday, P. had thoroughly learned his trade. His father then sent him out to try to secure jobs for both of them. He got very few, but between him and his father they managed to find enough work to keep the father, P. and his brother busy. The brother soon became disgusted and ran away to Constantinople. The other brother went to work in the kitchen of a restaurant and the last brother became an apprentice waiter. P's average wage was equal to about thirty cents a day in American money. He, of course, received no money himself, it all went towards the support of his family.

At the age of twenty-two P married a girl withwhom he had played as a child--a Greek girl. He had courted her under the watchful eye of her parents for a year. What P had to say about courtship in that section of Asia-Minor was interesting. "When you once decide to court a girl it is the same as marrying her, and if you do not marry her you are both disgraced and sometimes there are dangerous results in the way of reprisals, mostly directed at the girl by her own family. Really,

ther is no such thing as changing your mind and breaking off engagements such as is the common practice in america." Two years after P was married he became the father of a son.

P had been working hard and managing to get along, not averaging more than an amount equal to fifty cents a day in American money but he became more and more disgusted with his condition of life as each day passed. The corruptness of the government and its constant attempt to levy high taxes on the most ridiculous things was a constant threat to a man's peace of mind. For instance, P says that a yearly tax for garbage removal was levied upon everyone despite the fact that they had alreayd paid for garbage removal throughout the year. He said that "tax collecting" was one of the major sports of the country and that it was rivalled only by the sport of evading taxes. He says that we in this country are totally ignorant of the art of lying. To witness a work of art we should hear an inhabitant of Asia-Minor denying his identity to a vigorous "fee basis" collector. P had much to say concerning the police--a polideman was usually a man of means in Smyrna--that is, he became a man of means after becoming a policeman. He said that robberies have always been frequent ther . The police placed heavy stress upon this long existent condition and used it as a means of graft. That is, the law required each citizen to pay the policeman in his district a cash fee monthly to protect his home. The policeman carried a long leaded cane which he was supposed to rap upon the sidewalks at frequent intervals during the night as a signal that "all was well". P says that this signal was more generally used by the policeman to inform the

robbers know that he was about in the hope that if there were any robberies going on the culprits would at least be quiet and not cause him to engage in physical combat, as physical combat was not generally relished by the police. Now comes the citizen who does not believe that the policeman earnes his money and says, "No, I will not pay you, I will guard my own house." A very few nights later the citizen's house is ransacked, he goes to court to make his complaint, the court says: "What! You do not pay your policeman?" and very promptly fi es the poor citizen a nice little sum of money. P stated that he had heard of private police racketeering in this country sometimes, but he said "Ah, it never could, in hundred s of years approach the efficient way it was worked in my homeland, with the full cooperation of the authorities."

In 1896 P's brother-in-law arrived in Smyrna on a visit from San Francisco. This brother-in-law, also Greek, owned a restaurant in San Francisco and ha been quite successful during his few short years away from Smyrna. During the visit, P had been convinced by the brother-in-law that he should come to America. However, P had no money to pay his passage or get started in the new country. Therefore, an agreement was made between P and the brother-in-law that the latter would pay P's passage to New York andfare to San Francisco and that P could repay him by working in his restaurant at the rate of $1 a day until the debt was worked out. The brother-in-law neglected to tell hi t at he would also charge him interest at the rate of ten percent. P found out about the interest later on, but never complained. P said goodbye to his family and made arragements for them to live with

his father, telling them that he would send for them just as soon as he had enough money saved to pay their passage also, that he would send his father money for their board. With all arrangements made, P sailed for New York with his brother-in-law on the White Star liner Adriatic. That was the last time he saw Smyrna.

Upon arriving in San Francisco, P started to work immediately, washing dishes in his brother-in-law's restaurant on Valencia Street. The hours were long and the work hard but he was quite satisfied and thought it a good enough job inasmuch as he did not speak English. His main thought was to learn English so that he could get a better job. He showed quite an aptitude for cooking, so after the first year he was promoted to cooking with a raise in salary. He was finally made chef. Before two years had passed, P was making a salary of $25 per week which, in those days, was quite a bit of money, even in this country, not to mention what it would amount to in Smyrna. He had paid back his debt with interest, had saved money, so he then forwarded funds to his wife so that she and the children (a girl had been born shortly after his departure from Smyrna) could come immediately to San Francisco, which they did, via New York.

P worked as chef in his brother-in-law's restaurant for four years from the time he had landed here. At the conclusion of the four years, the brother-in-law sold the restaurant and P was out of a job. He immediately secured another one as cook, bartender, waiter and general handy man in a small saloon on Third Street. He says that this was the toughest job ever, he worked long hours and came across the world's toughest charac-

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P has never beco e an American citizen, neither has the one boy born in Smyrna.

Greek

Mr. P. was born in Smyrna, Asia-Minor, sixty-three years ago. This city had a population of approximately 250,000 people at that time.

Mr. P. wished i distinctly understood that he was Greek and not Turkish. He, of course, understand that Asia-Minor was under Turkish rule for quite a period of time and that thruugh intermarriage, etc, there were many people with Turkish blood. P. claims that the Turks are the "barbarian influence" of Asia-Minor and entirely responsible for the lack of progress, which was very true at the time Mr. P. left that country. In fact this was one of the main reasons why P. left Asia-Minor for America, as will shortly be revealed. He, himself, claims to be pure Greek, of which he is ve y proud, and he s ows a poorly concealed disdain for the Turks.

P. had three brothers and two sisters. None of them attended school. Schooling in Smyrna was not for the laboring man and his family, unless he had money and plenty of it, which was highly improbable, even for a craftsman. There were no public schools--they were all mor or less private, and the fees were quite high, limiting the facilities to the moneyed class. The government officials, in general, did not approve of widespread education. P. attributes this feeling to the ulterior motives of the Turks. He claims that the Turks have always used the "club of ignorance" to subjugate the masses. To continue, P. did not receive the benefit of an education. Up until the time wwhen he was twelve years of age his day was spent in playing and doing household chores. His father was a tin-smith and owned a tin-shop. At eight years of age

P would spend a few hours of the day around the shop. However, he was too young to learn much until he was twelve. When he was twelve, the feeling stopped and his life began in earnest. P. went to his father's shop early in the day and returned home late at night. When I asked him how many hours a day he worked he replied: "Hours? My friend, that depended upon the sun, we worked not bb hours; we worked from the rise of the sun until darkness forced us to drop our tools." P. stated that his father made a living, just a living, and that is all. He never knew of his saving any money. By the time he reached his seventeenth birthday, P. had thoroughly learned his trade. His father then sent him out to try to secure jobs for both of them. He got very few, but between him and his father they managed to find enough work to keep the father, P. and his brother busy. The brother soon became disgusted and ran away to Constantinople. The other brother went to work in the kitchen of a restaurant and the last brother became an apprentice waiter. P's average wage was equal to about thirty cents a day in American money. He, of course, received no money himself, it all went towards the support of his family.

At the age of twenty-two P married a girl with whom he had played as a child--a Greek girl. He had courted her under the watchful eye of her parents for a year. What P had to say about courtship in that section of Asia-Minor was interesting. "When you once decide to court a girl it is the same as marrying her, and if you do not marry her you are both disgraced and sometimes there are dangerous results in the way of reprisals, mostly directed at the girl by her own family. Really,

ther is no such thing as changing your mind and breaking off engagements such as is the common practice in America." Two years after P was married he became the father of a son.

P had been working hard and managing to get along, not averaging more than an amount equal to fifty cents a day in American money but he became more and more disgusted with his condition of life as each day passed. The corruptness of the government and its constant attempt to levy high taxes on the most ridiculous things was a constant threat to a man's peace of mind. For instance, P says that a yearly tax for garbage removal was levied upon everyone despite the fact that they had alreayd paid for garbage removal throughout the year. He said that "tax collecting" was one of the major sports of the country and that it was rivalled only by the sport of evading taxes. He says that we in this country are totally ignorant of the art of lying. To witness a work of art we should hear an inhabitant of Asia-Minor denying his identity to a vigorous "fee basis" collector. P had much to say concerning the police--a polideman was usually a man of means in Smyrna--that is, he became a man of means after becoming a policeman. He said that robberies have always been frequent there. The police placed heavy stress upon this long existent condition and used it as a means of graft. That is, the law required each citizen to pay the policeman in his district a cash fee monthly to protect his home. The policeman carried a long leaded cane which he was supposed to rap upon the sidewalks at frequent intervals during the night as a signal that "all was well". P says that this signal was more generally used by the policeman to inform the

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his father, telling them that he would send for them just as soon as he had enough money saved to pay their passage also, that he would send his father money for their board. With all arrangements made, P sailed for New York with his brother-in-law on the White Star liner Adriatic. That was the last time he saw Smyrna.

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Mr. P. wished it distinctly understood that he was Greek and not Turkish. We, of course, understand that Asia-Minor was under Turkish rule for quite a period of time and that thru inter-marriages, etc., there were many people with ~~the Turkish ratio became quite heavy with reference to population.~~ P. claims to be pure Greek blood of which he is very proud and he shows a rather poorly concealed disdain for the Turks. He claims that the Turks are the "barbarian influence" of Asia-Minor and entirely ~~solely~~ responsible for the lack of progress ~~and culture~~ which ~~case~~ was very true ~~prominent~~ at the time Mr. P. left that country. In fact this reason was one of the main ~~paramount reasons~~ which caused P. to leave ~~vacate~~ Asia-Minor for America, as will shortly be related.

P. had three brothers and two sisters. None of them attended school. Schooling in Smyrna was not for the laboring man and his family--unless he had money and plenty of it, which was highly improbable for even a craftsman. There were no public schools---all more or less private, and the fees were quite high, limiting the facilities to the ~~moneed~~ moneyed class. ~~There was not a general feeling of approval among~~ government officials ~~towards~~ widespread education. P. ~~credits this undercurrent~~ attributed this feeling to the ulterior motives of the Turkish influence--he claims the Turks have always used the "club of ignorance" to subjugate the masses. To continue, P. did not receive the benefit of education. Up until the time he was twelve years of age his time was spent ~~in childhood~~ playing and doing household chores. His father was a tin-smith and owned a tin-shop. At eight years of age, P. would spend a few hours of the day around the shop. However, he was too young to learn much until he was twelve. ~~At twelve years of age~~ when he was the fooling stopped and his life ~~started~~ began in earnest. P. went to his Father's shop early in the day and returned home late at night. ~~Upon making inquiry relative to the amount of~~ hours ~~per~~ day he worked, P. replied: "Hours? My friend, that depended upon the Sun, we worked not by hours; we worked from the rise of the Sun until ~~the~~ darkness forced us to drop our tools." P. stated that his father made a living--just a living, and that is all. He never ~~knew of~~ his saving any money. ~~Mr. P. had thoroughly learned his trade by the time he had reached his seventeenth birthday. His father then sent him out to try and secure jobs for the~~ both of them. He ~~secured~~ got very few, but between he and his Father they managed to find enough work to keep the Father, P. and his Brother busy. The Brother soon became disgusted and ran away to Constantinople. The other brother went to work in the kitchen of a restaurant and the last brother became an apprentice waiter. P. ~~was making~~ an average wage, was equal to about thirty cents per day in American money. He, of course, received no money himself--it all went towards the support of his family.

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P. has never become an American citizen--neither has the one boy born in Smyrna.

Greek

Statement of John Kapanis

I was born on a farm about one and a hlaf hours' ride from the city of Tricoli, state of Thessaly, Greece. Tricoli is a city of over 25,000.

I am one of a family of five boys and I worked on the family farm which consisted of three acres situated in different localities. Up to the time I was eighteen years old, we farm everything, such as wheat, corn, beets, tobacco, grapes for wine (for family use only).

When I was eighteen, in 1904, I was compelled to join the army where I served for two years and I became a corporal although I never went to school and had no education.

While I was in the army I received ninety-five cents a day out of which thirty-five cents a day was for clothing. When I got my discharge from the army my total capital was less than $10. I went back to farm for a short while. We owned one pair of oxen, one pair of horses, three cows and a fairly good house where we all lived.

My father and mother are both dead. One of my older brothers came to this country before I did and he sent me a ticket and $45 to come to this country where I have been ever since, and that is twenty-eight years ago.

When I first came here I worked as a laborer on the railroad for two years and then I learned the barbering business and have been in that business ever since. I am married and have two children. I bought two flats, renting one for $30.00 per month, but now I am going to lose it as I cannot pay my interest and taxes. The mortgage is $5000 and they have de-

manded their money. I am trying to sell it for $5500--no buyer, no money. The little education I got I have picked up for myself, and I can read fairly well.

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This man was born near Athens in Greece. His boyhood was spent on the land where his family had lived for well over a century. The house was built of stone. He does not know how old it is, it is substantial and durable, the only repairs it ever requires is a new roof every two or three generations and occasionally, repairs to the door.

John, that is the name he goes by in this country, and a surname of two syllables to replace his multi-syllabic Greek names, had little schooling and before he left home knew little of the outside world except from sailors' tales. As a boy he worked on fishing boats and when he was old enough he shipped as a sailor on a Greek steamer in the Mediterranean trade.

One one of these trips he joined an English ship at Marseilles and began to pick up English. Soon after he changed to fireman as there was more money in this job.

Shovelling coal was hard work but John was more than ordinarily strong and got along and learned the valves, also the art of keeping up steam with a minimum of coal and exertion.

When the ship went home for repairs John left her at New Castle and went from ship to ship, thus seeing a good deal of the world, finally reaching San Francisco. He got a job on a run from here to Australia. By this time he could speak English well enough to be understood though it is difficult to understand him now. He thought of becoming naturalized. His friends drilled him and advised him in what to do. He learned to read and to write English, after a fashion, and

when he had been here the requisite time, he went before the court and was made a citizen.

During the World War John was running to the Orient, still as marine fireman but he was then on an oil burner. His American citizenship was a great protection to him because all foreigners were under the suspicion of the American and British authorities and his papers and certificates saved him on several occasions from being locked up on the chance that he might be friendly to the enemy.

After the war John sailed in the intercoastal trade calling at Havana and Panama. He made money as the pay was good and smuggling was profitable on account of prohibition.

He saved a fair sum, then shipped on an American around-the-world ship and left hereat Port Said to go to his old home in Greece. He was a rich man to his relatives. He helped them financially but did not care for their mode of living after his experience in the United States so he stayed only three months.

John worked his way back to San Francisco and is now sailing on one of the large Dollar boats. He is getting a little old but work as a marine fireman is not so hard as it was when he had to shovel coal so he can stand the job. His desire is to get to be a water tender, then he will have attained his aim in life.

John says he never had any urge to start a restaurant.

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John, that is the name he goes by in this country, and a surname of two syllables to replace his multi-syllabic Greek names, had little schooling and before he left home knew little of the outside world except from sailors' tales. As a boy he worked on fishing boats and when he was old enough he shipped as a sailor on a Greek steamer in the Mediterranean trade.

One one of these trips he joined an English ship at Marseilles and began to pick up English. Soon after he changed to fireman as there was more money in this job.

Shovelling coal was hard work but John was more than ordinarily strong and got along and learned the valves, also the art of keeping up steam with a minimum of coal and exertion.

When the ship went home for repairs John left her at New Castle and went from ship to ship, thus seeing a good deal of the world, finally reaching San Francisco. He got a job on a run from here to Australia. By this time he could speak English well enough to be understood though it is difficult to understand him now. He thought of becoming naturalized. His friends drilled him and advised him in what to do. He learned to read and to write English, after a fashion, and

when he had been here the requisite time, he went before the court and was made a citizen.

During the World War John was running to the Orient, still as marine fireman but he was then on an oil burner. His American citizenship was a great protection to him because all foreigners were under the suspicion of the American and British authorities and his papers and certificates saved him on several occasions from being locked up on the chance that he might be friendly to the enemy.

After the war John sailed in the intercoastal trade calling at Havana and Panama. He made money as the pay was good and smuggling was profitable on account of prohibition.

He saved a fair sum, then shipped on an American around-the-world ship and left hereat Port Said to go to his old home in Greece. He was a rich man to his relatives. He helped them financially but did not care for their mode of living after his experience in the United States so he stayed only three months.

John worked his way back to San Francisco and is now sailing on one of the large Dollar boats. He is getting a little old but work as a marine fireman is not so hard as it was when he had to shovel coal so he can stand the job. His desire is to get to be a water tender, then he will have attained his aim in life.

John says he never had any urge to start a restaurant.

March 11, 1935 —

Greek Immigrant now an American Citizen

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Edward Jordan

Greek

M J. was born somewhere in Macedonia, he isn't sure of the town. His people are Gypsies and were camping on the outskirts of a town. For generati ns his people have wandered all over eastern Europe, but always tried to return to Macedonia for any important events, such as births, marriages and deaths. He spent his whole boyhood living in the Gypsy wagons and camping, summer in Poland, Russia or Czechoslovakia, winter in the Balkans or Greece. He never went to school, his only education being that of a Romany, learning of horses, metal-work, and the nature-lore and folk-lore of his people. He learned to speak in a rude way the languages of the people among whom he lived--Greek, Serbian, Roumanian and Russian.

At the age of eighteen he came to American with a band of Hungarian Gypsies which he met at Temeszvar. As soon as he arrived in New York he left them as he had no particular love for the Gypsies of that branch. He joined a caravan of his own tribesmen in New Jersey and for fourteen years he has wandered over America with them.

Five years ago they came west by way of the south and Texas. They found themselves hated and treated worse than in any place they had ever lived. In the eastern industrial cities they had the foreign element to protect them, but the Americans of the old south thought of them as kidnappers and chased them from one town to another. When they arrived in California they found the Mexicans sympathetic to their fortune-telling and their knowledge of charms and potions. Two years ago he left the main body of Gypsies to live in a house in San Francisco, a step which has made him an object of dis-

trust to his clan.

He works at present in an iron foundry where his knowledge of metals makes him valuable. He finds the life monotonous and dull, but because he thinks Gypsies are un-American in their manner of living he will not return to the camp. He says more and more Gypsies every year are deserting their camps to live in houses and become good Americans, but he also says that a gypsy is always a gypsy and will never be happy except when on the trail.

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(1) M. J. was born somewhere in Poland of the Jews. He has an Israelite mother living on the outskirts of a town. For generations his people have wandered all over Eastern Europe but always tried to return to Transylvania for any important events such as births, marriages and deaths. He spent his whole boyhood living in the gypsy wagon and camping, sometimes in Poland, Russia or Czechslovakia, sometimes in the Balkans or Greece. He never went to school, his only education being that of a gypsy, knowledge of horses, metal work and the nature lore and folk lore of his people. He learned to work in a crude way the languages of the people among whom he lived, Serbian, Roumanian and Russian Jew.

At the age of ~~14~~ eighteen he came to America with a band of Hungarian Gypsies whom he met at Temesvar. As soon as he arrived in Pittsburgh he left them as he had no interest in the Gypsies of that region. The Gypsies for the most part are a clannish of his own tribe, and for ~~4~~ fourteen years he has wandered over America with them.

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of the South and Tropics. They found themselves hated and treated worse than in any place they had ever lived. In the eastern industries they had the foreign element to contend with, but the conversions of the old Quaker theory of them as kindred souls and chased them from one town to another. When they arrived in California they found the experience exactly antithetic to their previous feeling and they knew little of Chinese and factors. Just as one knowledge of Chinese and factors. Just as one may be left the common body of Japanese in a house in San Francisco, a street which has made been an object of distrust from his own.

We meet at present in our dear friendship his knowledge of matters which have been valuable. He finds the life monotonous and dull, but because he thinks Japanese are Christian in their manner of living the conversion in their manner of living is not a return to the course. He says and more of view may flow be doing their course to live in Christian and become good Christians, but he also says that to gather is always a gathering and will come the daily experience with the train.

N. K. was born in the village of Shkoel in Albania, a few miles from the Greek border. His father was a farmer and the head of the clan. He lived a simple, Arcadian life, tending sheep and goats. He was taught to shoot at the age of eight. He never went to school but learned Albanian history and the songs of his people from his father and the old chieftain of the village. He is Mohammedan but his faith sits lightly upon him.

His earliest recollection is his older brother's being brought home dead, killed in a feud with a member of a neighboring tribe.

At the age of eighteen he came to America, going to Worcester, Massachusetts where he had an uncle. For many months he found adjustment difficult to the rush of modern American life, the noisy traffic on the streets, and the towering buildings crowded so close together. He worked in the wire mill for about eight years, then he went to Boston.

In Worcester his foreign food, his clothing and his manners, dress and speech set him apart from his own people. In Boston he met some of the Americanized Albanians and these helped him to read and write his own native tongue as well as English.

He worked at various jobs, ~~—~~ sentiment for the railroad ceased until 1880, when jobs became scarce. After being unemployed for many months he went to Detroit where some men from his clan had settled. He found things much worse there, so after many hardships he finally traveled from his clansmen enough to come to California. He is still amazed at the size and beauty of America, but does not think much of the people commonly called Americans.

In San Francisco he got work in the Columbia Works of the Pacific Steel Company where he worked until a year ago. Since then he has been unemployed and is planning to return to his native village. He is being backed by the members of his clan in this, it being the clan rule that no member shall be in want. If he can return and have a job he can get in for in a fruit store in Worcester where he will have enough money for his return to California.

Leonard Austin
1674 Edition 5/-

Greek

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In Worcester his horizon was limited for he worked, lived and played with his own people. In Boston he met some of the leaders of the Albanians and there learned to read and write his own native tongue as well as English.

He worked at various jobs in restaurants, factories and railroad yards until 1930 when jobs became scarce. After being unemployed for many months he went to Detroit where some men from his clan had settled. He found things much worse there, so after many hardships, he finally borrowed enough from his clansmen to come to California. He is still amazed at the size and beauty of America, but does not think much of the people commonly called Americans.

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Greek

Mr. Dimitri Dimitriades was born in Constantinople of Greek parents. He is forty-eight years old.

Constantinople and Asia-Minor once belonged to Greece, so for generations, Mr. Dimitriades' ancestors had lived in Constantinople. When the Turks conquered those places, the people living there became Turkish subjects--Greeks, Armenians, Jews. In many towns, especially in the interior of Turkey, the Greeks spoke the Turkish language. Only the children who attended Greek school could learn Greek.

Mr. Dimitriades can speak fluently the Greek, Turkish and English languages. Also he understands some Armenian.

His father was a fig merchant in Constantinople and his mother came from a good family. After he had received his preparatory education in his native city, his father sent him to Marsevan Anatolia College. Dr. H. Riggs, the famous missionary was the founder and the principal of the college for many years. After his death the son succeeded him until the World War when the Turks destroyed it. That college has produced many useful graduates. Many professional men, lawyers, doctors, clergymen, have sprung from that establishment.

Mr. Dimitriades received his education in the above-mentioned college, graduating in 1900 with great honors. For a few years he taught in the same town. He

He lived in New York for a few years and became an agent for the New York Life Insurance Company. First he worked among the Greeks, Armenians and Syrians. If any of his clients could not speak English he could explain the policies to them in Greek

or Turkish. In a very short time he made many friends. He has the ability to convince, to persuade. Being of a cheerful disposition and humourous, he makes people laugh with his clever jokes.

There were several agents in New York so he thought that he would have a better chance if he came to San Francisco, which he did in 1906. Now he has many friends here as well as in Fresno where he pays visits several times during the year for business. He has a big field to work in. He is a Mason and is well-known, both to Americans and foreigners. He has been successful in his work.

While Mr. Dimitriades was working among the Armenians, he came across an attractive widow by the name of Marie Donabedian. When he was trying to sell her a policy he proposed marriage to her. Madame Marie, after some thought and deliberation, accepted his offer.

Let us go back to Aintab, in Cilicia, the birthplace of Madame Marie. It is between Aleppo and Ourfa. Being centrally located, the American Mission fo nded there a college for boys and another one for girls. Thi was another educational center. Aintab College also has produced many useful graduates, who, in turn, have enlightened their countrymen. The people in Aintab were very religious. There were several churches, Protestant as well as Gregorian Apostolic churches. During the war everything was destroyed and the inhabitants were scattered.

There lived there a great family by the name of Krikorian. One of the brothers, Professor Krikorian was the princiapl of the college, a great educator, a trustee of the school and church and

the editor of a spiritual magazine published weekly. It was called "Rahnuma" which means a guide. It was in the Turkish language with Armenian writing.

Madame Marie, in whose life we are interested, is the niece of Professor Krikorian. Her father was a well-known minister. First, he worked in Aintab, later, in Manchester, England.

Marie had an uncle in England, so, after the massacre in 1895, they went to live there because they could no longer trust their lives to the Turks. Marie and her sister Isabelle spent their childhood in Manchester and were educated there. Marie's sister, Isabelle, lives in New York now. She is very wealthy. At one time she established an orphanage and provided for the orphans with her own means. Marie went to designing school in England because she had exceptional talents as a designer.

In 1908 Marie came to New York to see her sister. She was just eighteen then, a lovely young girl. She met a nice, educated, Armenian who had come from Bitlis, a place near Van in Armenia. His name was Vahan Donabedian. They got married. He was a rug merchant. He was very delicate so the doctors told him to go to California to live and for that reason they came to San Francisco. They had a baby girl who died in infancy. A year after that Mr. Donabedian died. Thus Madame Marie was left all alone.

Madame Marie started to repair rugs, to mend fine laces, etc. It was then that Mr. Dimitriades, being a bachelor, proposed to her. They were married in San Francisco in 1914 and had a nice family.

Mr. Dimitriades still works for the New York Life Insurance Company. During the depression it was a little hard to sell

new policies but Mrs. Dimitriades is so talented that she has earned good money and filled in the gap. She is very artistic. At one time, she used to make beautiful lamp shades, decorated with pretty flowers or beads, all made by hand. Also, she mends fine laces and is clever at all kinds of handwork. She has many friends among the society people in San Francisco. Before her advent the rich people used to send their valuable, antique, embroideries, laces and ornaments to Paris to be repaired but now they give them to her. A single handkerchief costs fifty dollars. Besides that, Madame Marie can make lovely bridal veils for society people. She takes orders and makes them all by hand.

They have three healthy, intelligent children. The eldest son, Daniel, is a tall boy of eighteen. Next there is a pretty girl, Gloria, sixteen, the youngest is a boy with a Greek name. They all go to school. The boys belong to the Boy Scouts. They are leaders of their group and hold offices.

Mr. and Mrs. Dimitriades both became citizens a long time ago.

Mrs. Dimitriades went to England last year and visited all her relatives, uncles, aunts, cousins and their families, about seventy-two all told. On her way back she visited some of the principal cities of the United States. She stopped at Washington and saw the White House.

They are both good, loyal American citizens and their children, although of Greek and Armenian parentage, have every opportunity to become ideal citizens.

The speak the English language at home and have adopted American modes and customs. They do not cling to ancient ideas and customs. They regard America, with its best form of govern-

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L. S. Hagopian

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doctors, ~~ministers~~ clergymen have sprung up from that establishment.

Mr. Dimitriades received his education in the above mentioned College, ~~and~~ graduating in 1902, with great honors. For a few years he taught in the same town. In 1903, he came to America to study more. He lived in New York for a few years and became an agent for the "New York Life Insurance Company". First, he worked among the Greeks, Armenians and Syrians, ~~because~~ If any of his clients couldn't speak English, he could explain to them the policy in Greek or Turkish. In a very short time he ~~got~~ made many friends. He has the ability to convince, to persuade. Being of a cheerful disposition and humorous, he makes people laugh with his clever jokes.

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There lived a great family by the name of Trikorian. One of the brothers, Prof. Trikorian was the principal of the College, a great educator, trustee of the school and Church and the editor of a spiritual magazine published weekly. It was called "Tannuma", which means a guide. It was in the Turkish language with Armenian writing.

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was a well known minister. First he worked in Clintab, later in Manchester England.

Marie had an uncle in England, so after the massacre in 1895, they went to live there, because they couldn't trust their lives to the Turks anymore. Marie and her sister Isabelle spent their childhood in Manchester and were educated there. Marie's sister Isabelle lives in New York now. She is very wealthy. Once she ~~had~~ established an orphanage and provided for the orphans with her own means. Marie went to designing school in England. Of course she was exceptionally talented in that line.

In 1908, Marie came to New York to see her sister. She was just eighteen then, a lovely young lady. She met a very American young man, who had come from Bitlis a place near Van in Armenia. His name was Vahan Donabedian. They married; he was a young merchant. He became very weak, as the doctors told him to go and live in California. For that reason they came ~~too~~ to live in San Francisco. They had a little baby girl who died in infancy, a year after Mr. Donabedian died. Thus ~~it~~ Madame Marie was left all alone.

Madam Marie started to sell laces, to mend fine laces etc. It was then that Mr. Tamitriades, being a bachelor, proposed to her.

They got married in San Francisco in 1914. and formed a nice family. Mr. Dimitriades still works for the New York Life Insurance Company. During the depression it was a little hard to sell new policies but Mrs. Dimitriades is so talented that she has earned good money and filled the gap. She is very artistic. At one time she used to make beautiful lampshades, decorated with pretty flowers or leaves, all made by hand. Also she mends fine, expensive laces, and is expert in all kinds of handwork and embroidery. She has many friends among the best people in San Francisco. Sometimes people would come and bring them to her. She became very valuable, antique, embroidered laces or ornaments to Paris to be repaired. But now they give them to her. A single handkerchief costs fifty dollars. NOW Besides that Madame Marie has made lovely bridal veils for society people. She gets the order and makes them all by hand.

They have three healthy, intelligent children. The eldest son, David, is a tall boy of eighteen years, and there is a pretty girl, Maria, sixteen. And the youngest is a boy, having a Greek name. They all go to school. The boys belong to the Boy Scouts. They are leaders of their troops and hold offices.

Mr. and Mrs. Dimitriadis both became citizens long time ago.

Mrs. Dimitriadis went to England last year and visited all her relatives, uncles, aunts, cousins and their families, about twenty-two in number. On her way back she visited some of the principal cities of the United States. She stopped in Washington D.C. and saw the White House.

They are both Americanized, good loyal citizens, and their children although of Greek and Roumanian parents have every opportunity to become promising ideal citizens.

They speak the English language at home, and have adopted the American modes and customs. They do not believe in communism and socialism. They regard Monarchy, with the best form of government, the high ideas and noblest ideals. They feel bound to the country of their birth which is the most noble land in the world.

My informant is a man forty years old. He is married and has one boy. He was born in Dublin, Ireland, and grew up in that city, where he stayed until he was twenty-two years old, when he emigrated to Canada, eventually settling down in Vancouver B.C. His parents were public house keepers, or as they are known here, saloon keepers, and as a result, the boy received a fair amount of schooling and eventually was apprenticed to the carpenter trade.

In Canada he was very active at his trade and managed to save up a couple of thousand dollars. Wishing to climb farther up the social scale and to get into a profession, he commenced to study to be an architect. After some three years of study, the combined labor of day work and night study undermined his health, and he was diagnosed as having a case of incipient tuberculosis.

He sold his property in Canada and, with wife and baby son, came to San Francisco. Here, for some time, he was in straightened circumstances, inasmuch as health would not permit him to work very actively as a carpenter, and so, he decided to go into selling, and as a first step, applied for a job as agent with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Strange as it may seem, they passed him physically, and he became an agent for that company. He was a very successful agent, and after a year was promoted to be assistant manager for the company in which position he has remained for the last five years.

He is a very level-headed person, very conservative and phlegmatic in personality. He is very popular with his fellow workers.

Greek

I was born under Turkish rule in Cavalle, a seaport town near Saloniki, now belonging to Greece. My parents made sweets, and I think I spent moretime selling sweets than going to school.

I came here with my parents and I feel here, I think, about the same as if I were in Greece. At home we speak Greek and on the street you hear different talk. Well, I like the United States because here you get so much money. Of course you pay only a few paras for many things in Cavalle, while here you pay cents for everything, and you get more cents too, when you work.

I have been in the war.

I am here to stay and with my wife. We are a big family as my parents are here with us, or we with them, now. I work for relief on the gang that is out at Lake Merced and I have been working on many other projects.

Yes, I have been in the Presidio, on top of Twin Peaks and down the Marina.

I should say that I certainly prefer the Federal crowd for distributing the relief any day as I had my experiences with the city hall gang, and I say any day that the Federal has charge of relief it will never come to crooked business as the city relief was. Yes, I remember the rotten food we had and the city made us believe it was high priced, first-class food. Yes, we did put many a can in the ashcan and I am not surprised to say that the city made great money on the bad food. We simply had to accept from them, like or no like. I remember one time when my wife did bring a dozen eggs home and, believe me, all the box was bad eggs, green and bad when you opened them. I am sure the city misses the great sums that are no longer coming in. I buy

ren and of course is all for America. Has never been back to Germany and never wants to go.

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mostly in the district where I am and I pay the price and know I get my money's worth. Oh, yes, I think bread is too high, butter and eggs are high and meat, too.

You would ask me all that, well, I say like you that I am glad to have Roosevelt any day and Hoover was the one that did take years to do nothing, and the same goes with Merriam. I just don't know what that fellow did before, or now is doing except collect the taxes.

James Kokos

I was born in Cephalonia on an island off the western part of Greece. The population is about 3500.

My work there was farming at which I worked up to the time I came to this country in 1914.

The island of Cephalonia has a very fertile and rich soil. The principal exports are currant wine, olive oil, nuts, and tobacco. There is also plenty of fruit.

My home life was the same as any other farmer's. I had to work from the time I was five years old and had very little time for school.

The island is quite big and used to belong to England at one time, how long ago I could not say. The climate is just like that of California. There are not so many mountains but it is hilly like San Francisco.

My parents are all dead. We were a family of six children of which I am the oldest. I am now nearly sixty years old.

When I first came here I went to Chicago and worked at labor, anything I could get, then I worked as a bootblack and have been doing that work ever since; I used to make good money in Chicago, but here now it is very quiet, but I like it much better here. It is not so cold, and I would rather work for less and live here. I get along all right, always have something to eat and I am strong and healthy.

That's all I save for, and if I cant make a dime, I'll take a nickel, so there you are.

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My parents are all dead. We were a family of six children of which I am the oldest. I am now nearly sixty years old.

When I first came here I went to Chicago and worked at labor, anything I could get, then I worked as a bootblack and have been doing that work ever since; I used to make good money in Chicago, but here now it is very quiet, but I like it much better here. It is not so cold, and I would rather work for less and live here. I get along all right, always have something to eat and I am strong and healthy.

That's all I save for, and if I cant make a dime, I'll take a nickel, so there you are.

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San Francisco Cal. 2/24/35

L48a

Interview with James Kokos.

I was born in Oeskatonia on an island in the western part of Greece. The population is about 3500.

In my work there was farming which I worked at until the time I came to this country in 1914.

The island of Oeskatonia has a very fertile and rich soil. The principal leading exports are currant nuts, olive oil, nuts and tobacco. There is also olives of all kinds of fruits.

In my home life was the same as any other farmer's. I had to work from the time I was five yrs old and had very little time for play.

The island is quite big and used to belong to England at one time, how long ago I couldn't say.

The climate is just like California, only not so many mountains, but hilly, like San Francisco.

My parents are all dead, we were a family of six children, I am the oldest now nearly sixty years old. When I first came here I went to Chicago and worked at labor, anything I could get, then I worked as a bootblack and have been doing that work ever since, I used to make good money in Chicago, but here now it is very quiet, but I like it much better here, not so cold. And I rather work for less and live here, I get along alright, always have something to eat, and I am strong and healthy.

That's all I care for, and if I can't make a dime, I'll take a nickel. So there you are.

P. O. Burch

submitted by
H.C.Beckwith
Jan.21st1935.

L55

Greek.

Snuggled closely to the mainland of Greece, whose history dates back many thousands of years, lies the island of Corfu, surrounded, as it is, by the waters of the Ionian sea. Here, Nick was born, the eldest of a family of four boys. The father was a fisherman, and it was with difficulty that he was able to ~~realize~~ make enough for a scant existence.

At the age of twelve, Nick went to Constantinople where he remained for twelve years, before returning to Greece in order to serve his period of military service, which was compulsory at that time. Upon completion of his enlistment period, he returned once more to Turkey, remaining until he decided to try his luck in the United States which was in the year ~~nineteen-hundred~~ 1900.

The first ten years of his new venture were spent in New York City, where he obtained renumerative employment at odd jobs. Then the urge to come west overcame him and as a result he landed in San Francisco in the year ~~nineteen-ten~~ 1910 where his brother was already located.

Nick has prospered since his advent ~~to~~ in our fair city, his means of livlihood ~~being~~ ranging all the way from working in a restaurant to the ownership of several restaurants during the World's Fair in ~~nineteen-fifteen~~ 1915 ~~up~~ to his present occupation, that of owner and operator of a grocery store. Now sixty-seven years of age, Nick is still single and as yet is not naturalized, although while in New York City, he ~~had~~ obtained his first papers.

X. was born in Phary, Greece, in 1898. He was one of four children, all boys. H.s father owned a good-sized grocery store in the downtown section. X finished the sixth grade then quit school and went to work in a grocery store; he worked for his cousin. He worked for his cousin for sometime, living at home. He joined the navy when he was seventeen years old. He served for four years in the navy and was discharged as gunner's mate in 1919. He saved his money during his years in the navy and after his discharge he went back to Phary and bought his cousin's store. He made some money in the businesss in the next two years. He had made up his mind during his time in the navy that he wanted to see America, so, in 1921, he sold out, and with a pocketful of money, started for Ellis Island and New York City.

He bought a small confectioner's store in New York's lower east side. Here he found that competition was keen and that profits came in pennies and but a few of those. He kept this store until 1924, then had a chance to sell out, and get enough cash to come to the coast, which he did.

He landed in San Francisco with a few dollars, enough possibly to keep him for a month, but so far as he knew he did not have a friend or an acquaintance. He started roaming around the city to see what the gods had in store for him, when he recognized a name on a greek wholesale house. That same man's name used to be on a wolesale grocery house back in Phary, Greece and his father and cousin used to buy their groceries from there. On the chance that it might be the same people, or relatives, he went in to see them. He found that the senior partner was the same man he had known in Pary and that he had come here to San Francisco in 1920, and with two countryment, had opened the San Francsico

business. X did not know this man well personally, but his father did.

After talking with the wholesaler and telling him his experiences for the past several years, the wholesaler put X to work in the warehouse and wrote X's father and told him that his son was working for him, and that he planned to set him up in business in a small store that he owned but which was vacant at that time. He asked X's father if he thought it would be all right. X's father wrote that he would be very happy if the wholesaler would do this for his son and would vouch for his son's honesty.

The father was old and did not have the money to finance his son in this undertaking. After the wholesaler received his father's letter, he took it up fruther with X, and after the necessary papers were drawn up and the note signed, he stocked the store for X. The store is located on Nob Hill. X succeeded in running the store which he now owns. He paid off the note, with interest, in about three years.

X has never married, but he told me that when things pick up he is going to give it a trial.

Before the war there was a large colony of Greeks in Asia-Minor, in Smyrna. Over there in the district of Basma-Hane, just around the corner from the American Collegiate Institute and the church, there was a little store of odds and ends. That store belonged to Papa Costa who sold candies, cigars, different kinds of herbs, figs and bread. He used to knead the dough every day and bake bread in the next door bakery to sell to his customers.

Papa Costa was a short, stout, heavy-set man, with a high chest, broad shoulders and a big bulging stomach. He had dark hair and brown eyes with a merry twinkle in them like that of Santa Claus. He had a tanned countenance and wore a heavy twisted mustache. He was very strong. He was kind hearted. He could lift and carry a three hundred pound sack of raisins on his back with ease. He had a fatherly attitude towards everybody, so the nicknamed him "Papa Costa." He was very cheerful and laughed heartily. He loved to make jokes. Because of his good nature he was loved by everyone in the neighborhood. Papa Costa was a great friend to children. They used to go to his store to buy candy and home-made ice-cream.

During the war, Papa Costa used to get dry figs, put them in trays, sprinkle them with seaame or almonds and brown them in the oven to sell to his customers. They were delicious! He would call out loud "Sika Kala!" which means "good figs for sale." In this way he made a living. Besides that, he used to do many errands for some rich people in the neighborhood.

Mr. Simonian, a wealthy fig merchant, lived on the same block. He had many acres of vineyards and olive orchards. He used to pack and send raisins and figs to different parts of Europe and America. Very often, Papa Costa used to go to his house and do errands for him. For instance, if any heavy work was to be done, Papa Costa used to go to his house--Papa Costa was always handy. In that house there was a cook named Kyria Maria, who had lived and worked with that family for nearly twelve years. She was very faithful, having been with them ever since the children were babies. She was an able woman and a good cook. The mistress was a kind and generous person who treated her maids gently and considered them as members of the family. The maids had their meals at the house, and besides their liberal salaries, their mistress supplied their clothing as well. During Christmas time they weren't forgotten either. They usually received a valuable piece of jewelry, a necklace, a ring or a bracelet. The mistress and her two daughters felt great pleasure in giving their presents when they were thanked so gratefully and had the blessing of the Virgin Mary showered upon them.

Kyria Maria had saved all the good things she had and her hope-chest was full of lovely articles. She was a sober woman, about twenty-eight. Papa Costa was very often in her cozy kitchen. At last, one day, it was announced that they were going to be married. Papa Costa had certainly made a good choice. They were married in Smyrna in the year 1913. They were happy and everything was all right until the war broke out.

The Turkish government sent all the young ment to war. Next, came the turn of the older men. Papa Costa was about thirty-two years old then. There was a rule that whoever gave fifty gold lira to the government would be exempt from the army.

This payment for exemption was called bedel. So Papa Costa gave it at once. A few months afterwards they collected a second time, then a third time, until most of his savings were gone. After getting bedel three times, they would accept no more money and took him at last as a soldier. The older people were sent to construct roads. So, after a few years of hard times, he came back home safely. After enduring all that at the hands of the Turks who nearly robbed him of all his savings, he decided not to live in that country any more.

Kyria Maria had a brother in New York, working in a restaurant as chef. After they received a letter of encouragement, they decided to come to America, the land where the treacherous Turks could molest them no more. Papa Costa did not know a word of English but he had some money. He thought he could become a peddler or work in a Greek restuarant. They hada little, chubby boy of six who was named Andony. They arrived in New York in 1920, in September. At first, Papa Costa worked in a restaurant washing dishes, pealing potatoes, etc. After he learned a little English he got a wagon and sold peanuts, candy, popcorn and sandwiches. He continued this work for several years and was quite successful.

He had heard that there were many Greeks in San Francisco working in various businesses. Some had confectionery stores, som grocery stores,others restaurants, etc, and they were all more or less prosperous. So he came to San Francisco in 1928 and bought a lunch counter where his good wife helps him as she is a competent cook. Now they have a little girl, too, born in New York. Her name is Theodora. The boy attends the high school and helps his father after school and on Saturdays and holidays.

They like San Francisco very much, particularly since they have lived in a sea-port town. San Francisco is much like Smyrna in many ways.

Papa Costa loves fishing. Whenever he can get away from his business, he takes his family in his car and drives to the beach. In his restaurant he has a specialty of sea-foods, such as crabs, oysters, etc.

Greeks, like Italians, are very fond of sea-food. Their country being surrounded by sea, they have been good fishermen and have been a sea-faring people. Naturally, they are good swimmers too.

Papa Costa and his wife like the climate of San Francisco and have settled her for good. They do not intend to go back to the old country. They have many friends and lead a sociable life. They are both Orthodox in religion, and are proud of their native country, Greece, and of its past glory.

They still retain some of their old customs, but their children, being educated in this country, naturally will become good American citizens. At home, they sepak both Greek and English, so the children have learned both languages.

Papa Costa became a citizen five years ago. They are very glad to be in this beautiful country and they always write favourably of it to their relatives and friends.

Greek - Mr. X.

Mr. X. was born in Athens, Greece, July 16, 1885. His father was an olive oil merchant who owned several olive groves in the country and had his own factory for the conversion of olives into oil. According to Mr. S., his father was a wealthy man, as had been his parents and great-grandparents--they had all been olive merchants. Mr. X's father was a graduate of the University of Athens. His mother also came from a well-to-do family; she had what was considered at that time as being an excellent education for a woman, being graduated from high school and being proficient in languages and music. Mr. S. says that she played the harp beautifully, and that he has some very pleasant memories of her playing and singing for the family in the evenings.

Mr. X finished high school in Athens at the age of fourteen. His father had planned to send him to the University of Athens, but X had plans of his own. He had heard grand tales of wealth and happiness and adventure in the United States so one day he packed his clothes and left home to seek his fortune in the world. Luckily, one of his father's friends happened to see hi before he had got very far and sent him home. His father, after discussing the question with X, decided to aid him in his venture. He bought X a first-class ticket to the United States and sent him to one of his friends in Chicago. When X arrived in Chicago, he was a very bewildered boy--he says that everything seemed unbelievably big, hurried and mixed up. He was homesick, and almost decided to turn round and take the same boat back to Greece. However, he had enough boyish pride to want to stick it out. His father's friend owned several candy stores in Chicago and was quite wealthy. X's father had communicated to him some plans for his son. He wanted X to graduate from a university and then start a branch of

his olive business in Chicago, and thence to try to extend it over the entire United States. He hadn't realized that it would be impossible for X to enter any American university with a degree from a Greek high school (it appears that the high school in Greece is comparable only to our junior high school here). Anyway, X discovered that he would have to go all through high school here, in order to gain admittance to the University of Chicago. I should mention that X had a fairly good co mand of English, having been taught it by his father and mother who both spoke the language fairly well. X entered high school and got his degree in two years, then entered the University of Chicago. During that time, he had lost all interest in olives and had decided to become a construction engineer. He was a good student and not afraid of hard work. He was graduated at the age of twenty with honours.

His father had died the year before his graduation and the business in Greece needed his care for he was the only son (he had four sisters). In 1906, therefore, he returned to Greece. While he was there he transferred all his father's interests to the care of an uncle, got his family all settled and returned to this country, bringing his eldest sister with him--she was then seventeen. They stayed in Chicago about two months, when X was given a pos tion with the P. G. & E. Co and was transferred to Salt Lake City. This was the first time in his life that Mr. X had had financial worries. He then began to have a rather hard time and many times wished he had left his sister home where she would have been well looked after. He felt that he could take no more help from his family for his father's business had not done well in the past few years and the amount of money his father had left seemed just enough to care for his mother and sisters.

X's sister, at that time, was attending the Sacred Heart College in Salt Lake City. She made friends with a young Catholic girl there. This girl later became X's wife. X. worked for the P.G.&E. for two years on a project near Salt Lake City, after which he was transferred to San Francisco. His sister was engaged to marry a young man whom she had met in Salt Lake City, and when they heard this news they decided to be married immediately. Her fiance was a young Mormon of Swedish descent--he held a good job in a department store owned by his father, so X agreed to the marriage. He rather disliked leaving Utah himself since he was betrothed to the girl he had met through his sister, however, he felt in no position to get married. He had three more sisters whom he wanted to help. He promised his fiancee that he would send for her as soon as he could--she was at that time taking a kindergarten training course at the University of Utah.

Four years passed, and in this time X had brought two more sisters over, one still in high school, the other attending the University of California. X then decided he had done enough for his family and that he had enough money saved to send for the girl in Salt Lake City. He did so and they were married in November, 1911.

X, through all these years, had seemd to possess excellent business judgment and hadbecome fairly well off by investing in stocks and bonds. He and his wife had three children, two boys and one girl, whose lives X had planned before they were born. It was here that X seemed to lose his judgment. His wife, through all the years that the children were growing up, endeavoured to convice him that it was impossible, futile and stupid to believe that one can plan anyone's life. She failed to convince him, and thus came X's first real dissolusionment, and, what he thought

failure. He had wanted his elder son to become a physician. This boy is exceptionally musical--X recognizes that fact but cannot think of music as anything but an avocation--something to give one pleasure, but not a business. He sent this boy to Standford when the boy wanted to attend a conservatory of music, as a result, the boy left Stanford without telling his father and enrolled in the College of the Pacific. His father said then that he could sink or swim, that he was no longer any son of his. The boy did excellent swimming, however. He worked his way through college and his now the youngest man in the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. X. seems somewhat to have forgiven him but he still insists that music is no way to make money. He has apparently become most money-minded and is constantly using the expressiong 'the AlmightyDollar'. He lost a great deal of money during the depression, but seems still to be well off. It makes one wonder why he should worry so much about money.

His daughter, also, was a great disappointment to him. He had wanted her to become a school teacher. She graduated from the university and married immediately afterwards. She married a man who is an aviator in the United States Air Service. I have known this girl for abour five years and think her one of the most brilliant persons I have ever known. She made Phi Beta Kappa at California without ever seeming to study. She majoried in foreign languages and appears to have a thorough knowledge of Greek, Spanish, French, German and Sanskrit. It does seem too bad that, with a mind like her's, she should not go ahead and learn and learn; she should do research of some kind and help the world. She is, however, too beautiful a girl to have stayed single and to have done the things she could have done. She was her father's

favorite and he also had ambitious ideas for her; her marriage seemed to break his heart. I think she'll soon want more than just a home, husband and children and will do some work with langauges. She has already told me of this desire, but X. entertains no such hopes; he says that a married girl has no right nor time to be interested in anything but her husband's career.

He is now building all his hopes on his younger son whos is still in high school. He is now to be the physician in the X family. I'm afraid X is doomed to disappointment there, too as that boy's sole interest in life at present is music. He like the elder son, has taken up the study of two instruments and seems naturally so good in music that it is a part of him. He if very fond of his father and always says , "Sure, I'll be a doctor," but afterwards, when his father isn't aroudn he says, "but when I'm through being a doctor, I'm going to get into the orchestra with my big brother." He works hard at his music, practices several hours a day and is already in two jazz orchestras, although he's only fifteen.

At present, X. has taken up as a hobby that which was his father's fondest dream, he has worked up a clientele over the entire United States for his olive oil. He owns several groves here, and uses the same method of conversion his father used. He is still a very active man and one admires him very much for the real success he has made of his life.

Mrs. X seems to be the only one who can understand both her children and her husband. His ideas seem old-fashioned and selfish to outsiders and to his children, but he has managed so many lives it seems just to have become a habit with him. He had even expected to pick his daughter's husband, just as he had picked

all of his sisters' husbands. They all appeared to be excellent matches, and he says always that if he had chosen his eldest sister's husband he wouldn't always have to be sending them money.

I believe that both Mr. and Mrs. X have had a very happy life though they differ in many of their ideas, but Mrs. X realizes that arguing with X is just a waste of time. She is really a much more broad-minded person than he is and because of this she is usually proven right. I think that when X accepts the fact that his children, being like him, will arrange their own lives, he will be a much more contented man. Mrs. X. always says that he will adjust himself to it some day and that then everything will be all right for him and that he will have peace in his heart again.

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[illegible] business as the city relief [illegible] yes I remember the rotten lot we had and my only wonder is where it was high priced first class food. [illegible] we did get [illegible] many a meal in the old [illegible] and I am not surprised to say that the city made great money on the food we simply had to accept [illegible] them like or we like. I remember one time when my wife did bring a few eggs home and believe me all the box was bad eggs and green and bad we [illegible] them many a times. I am sure the city misses the great funds that are we were coming in. I buy mostly in the district where I am and I pay the price and know I get my money's worth. O yes I think bread is as high, butter and eggs are high and meat too. You would ask me all I get well I say like you that I am glad I have received my pay and know my [illegible] that did take [illegible] to do [illegible] was with blessing I just [illegible]

Greek

Sunggled close to the mainland of Greece, whose history dates back many thousands of years, lies the island of Corfu, surrounded, as it is, by the waters of the Ionian sea. Here Nick was born, the eldest of a family of four boys. The father was a fisherman and it was with difficulty that he was able to make enough for a scant existence.

At the age of twelve, Nick went to Constantinople where he remained for twelve years, before returning to Greece in order to serve his period of military service which was compulsory at that time. Upon completion of his enlistment period, he returned once more to Turkey, remaining there until he decided to try his luck in the United States, which was in the year 1900.

The first ten years of his new venture were spent in New York City where he obtained remunerative employment at odd jobs. Then the urge to come west overcame him and as a result, he landed in San Francisco where his brother was already located, in the year 1910.

Nick has prospered since his advent in our fair city, his means of livelihood going all the way from working in a restaurant to the ownership of several restaurants during the World's Fair in 1915, and up to his present occupation that of owing and operating a grocery store. Now sixty-seven years of age, Nick is still single and as yet is not naturalized, although, while he was in New York he obtained his first papers.

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the editor of a spiritual magazine published weekly. It was called "Rahnuma" which means a guide. It was in the Turkish language with Armenian writing.

Madame Marie, in whose life we are interested, is the niece of Professor Krikorian. Her father was a well-known minister. First, he worked in Aintab, later, in Manchester, England.

Marie had an uncle in England, so, after the massacre in 1895, they went to live there because they could no longer trust their lives to the Turks. Marie and her sister Isabelle spent their childhood in Manchester and were educated there. Marie's sister, Isabelle, lives in New York now. She is very wealthy. At one time she established an orphanage and provided for the orphans with her own means. Marie went to designing school in England because she had exceptional talents as a designer.

In 1908 Marie came to New York to see her sister. She was just eighteen then, a lovely young girl. She met a nice, educated, Armenian who had come from Bitlis, a place near Van in Armenia. His name was Vahan Donabedian. They got married. He was a rug merchant. He was very delicate so the doctors told him to go to California to live and for that reason they came to San Francisco. They had a baby girl who died in infancy. A year after that Mr. Donabedian died. Thus Madame Marie was left all alone.

Madame Marie started to repair rugs, to mend fine laces, etc. It was then that Mr. Dimitriades, being a bachelor, proposed to her. They were married in San Francisco in 1914 and had a nice family.

Mr. Dimitriades still works for the New York Life Insurance Company. During the depression it was a little hard to sell

new policies but Mrs. Dimitriades is so talented that she has earned good money and filled in the gap. She is very artistic. At one time, she used to make beautiful lamp shades, decorated with pretty flowers or beads, all made by hand. Also, she mends fine laces and is clever at all kinds of handwork. She has many friends among the society people in San Francisco. Before her advent the rich people used to send their valuable, antique, embroideriss, laces and ornaments to Paris to be repaired but now they give them to her. A single handkerchief costs fifty dollars. Besides that, Madame Marie can make lovely bridal veils for society people. She takes orders and makes them all by hand.

They have three healthy, intelligent children. The eldest son, Daniel, is a tall boy of eighteen. Next there is a pretty girl, Gloria, sixteen, the youngest is a boy with a Greek name. They all go to school. The boys belong to the Boy Scouts. They are leaders of their group and hold offices.

Mr. and Mrs. Dimitriades both became citizens a long time ago.

Mrs. Dimitriades went to England last year and visited all her relatives, uncles, aunts, cousins and their families, about seventy-two all told. On her way back she visited some of the principal cities of the United States. She stopped at Washington and saw the White House.

They are both good, loyal American citizens and their children, although of Greek and Armenian parentage, have every opportunity to become ideal citizens.

The speak the English language at home and have adopted American modes and customs. They do not cling to ancient ideas and customs. They regard America, with its best form of govern-

ment, with high esteem and respect its laws. They feel proud of the flag of this free country which is the safest and best in the world.

Case #1

Greek Restaurant Owner- Age 41 years.

He was born in Arcadia near Tropilli of middle class peasant stock. His father owned some land and ran a livery stable. He went through the first two years of grammer high in his native village. Then his Father died when he was fifteen and he came to America to be with his two brothers who were living in Geneva, New York. His brothers sent him $35 for the passage. For the next year and a half he made his living shining shoes, and then he wrote to an uncle in Salt Lake City, and on his advice came west to work in the mines. Although the pay was good, ($2.75 a day), he quit the mines after three days because the work was too hard, and soon got a job in a cafe, which he kept for four years.

When Utah went dry, he moved to Arizona where he worked for a time and then came to California. He worked in San Francisco for two years, and then, in 1918 bought a Cafe in Hayward which he still owns. He has been "married twelve years to the same ~~lady~~ wife, never was in jail, and has one ~~kid~~ child." The first eight years in which he ran the business were the best. Five years ago he hired eight ~~in help~~ men, now he hires three and he and his wife both work. He keeps going by "just keeping back the bills." He was one of the first to comply with the N.R.A. by hiring an extra man and watching hours. But after two months he found that the others were chizzelers so he let this man go. He has a very attractive personality, and was very willing to tell me what he thought of the present situation. "Maybe I'm wrong", he said, "Maybe I'M right," but I think here the trouble lies. There are too many inventions and machinery . That what took jobs away from people. always some hurt, others not, now all hurt. When can worker

Case #1 cont.

consume fruit? Buy coffee and pie for 15¢ when he make 35¢ hour? But I did'nt go in no bank ruption yet, and that's something."

884

Case #2

Greek wife of restaurant owner - age 42

She was born in Olympia, which is in the central portion of Greece, of peasant stock. Her father owned a small farm, 71/2 acres in wheat and 7 1/2 acres in vineyards. She was one of seven children. ~~and~~ She never worked in anyone else's fields in her native village. When she was 23 her father took her to New York, leaving his wife and other children behind to watch the farm. Her father got a good job as a gardner just outside of New York. ~~and~~ He did not want her to work, but she got tired of doing nothing so she went to New York and got a job in a laundry. She worked there a year and a half and then her friend San told her about this fellow, and told him about her, and they met and were married a week later. Seven years ago her father went back to Greece. He did not like the customs over here. She never worked in the restaurant until a year ago when things got so bad. Now she gets up at five and works from 6 to 10, goes home from 10 to 12 and does the housework, and works in the restaurant from 12 to 2 and from 5 to 9. It is too much work with the housework. She has one child, a girl of eight who goes to school.

Case #1 cont.

consumer Fruit? Buy coffee and pin for 15¢ worth in a few week hours? But I didn't go in no bank robbing yet, and that's something."

Case #2

Crook wife of restaurant owner - age 45

She was born in Olympia, which is in the country of Greece, of peasant stock. Her father owned a small farm, 17½ acres in wheat and 7 1/2 acres in vineyards. She was one of seven children. She never worked in anyone else's fields in her native village. When she was 23 her father took her to New York, leaving his wife and other children behind to work the farm. Her father got a good job as a gardener just outside of New York. She did not want her to work, but she got tired of doing nothing so she went to New York and got a job in a laundry. She worked laundry a year and a half and then her friend Sam told her about this Italian, and talk him about her, and they met and were married a week later. Seven years ago her father went back to Greece. He did not like the customs over here. She never worked in the restaurant until a year ago when things got so bad. Her she gets up at five and works from 6 to 10, goes home from 10 to 12 and does the housework, and works in the restaurant from 12 to 2 and from 5 to 9. It is too much work with the housework. She has one child, a girl of eight who goes to school.

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XLVIB Greek